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Vol. CXXIX.

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THE HERITAGE.

Our Fathers in a wondrous age,
 Ere yet the Earth was small,
 Ensured to us an heritage,
 And doubted not at all
 That we, the children of their heart,
 Which then did beat so high,
 In later time should play like part
 For our posterity.

Youth's passion, manhood's fierce
 intent,

With age's judgment wise,
 They spent, and counted not they spent,
 At daily sacrifice.
 Not lambs alone nor purchased doves
 Or tithe of trader's gold—
 Their lives most dear, their dearer
 loves,
 They offered up of old.

Then fretful murmur not they gave
 So great a charge to keep,
 Nor dream that awestruck Time shall
 save

Their labor while we sleep.
 Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year
 Our fathers' title runs.
 Make we likewise their sacrifice,
 Defrauding not our sons!

Rudyard Kipling.

AN END IN ITSELF.

On brink of fierce-eyed morn and shad-
 owless way

I passed a spring pure-brimmed as
 flower-clipt dew,

Nor then durst pause or drink, but
 since I knew

My steps must thitherward turn at
 close of day,

I bade that lovellest image with me
 stay,

And evermore my desert journey
 through

From thought thereof my heart's
 best solace drew,

While yet the burning hours between
 us lay.

And when I stood thereby with weary
 feet,

Lo, trampling herd to balk my dear
 desire

Had trod the limpid crystal into
 mire.

Yet how from henceforth chide the
 hope's deceit

That cheered my path o'er leagues of
 drowth and heat,

And slaked full many a shaft of
 noon-launched fire?

Jane Barlow.

The Academy.

DARK DERMOT.

Out of the darkness Dermot came,
 We gave him welcome and a name.

He would not speak, he did but cry
 At taking up mortality.

He brought with him when he came
 here
 Nothing at all of goods and gear,

We clad him in a snowy dress,
 And ere he found it colorless

We laid him in a cradle green
 Fit for the babe of Fairy-Queen.

In the blue brightness before noon
 Night granted him, unasked, her boon.

Dreaming, he doubled up his fist,
 We kissed the tiny hand and wrist.

His mouth was like a rosebud red.
 His hair curled dark upon his head.

He woke with loud and hungry cries,
 And showed the blueness of his eyes

And then my hungry guest I fed,
 Lifting him softly from his bed.

I gave him neither bread nor meat,
 No wine to drink nor fruit to eat.

I do not know what magic brought
 The milk he found before he sought.

He drank, and then he nestled to
 My heart and crooned as babies do.
 That's how we welcomed Dermot dhu.

Nora Chesson.

The Outlook.

THE GREAT CONGO INIQUITY.

Thy brother asked for help and protection; thou remainest deaf to his appeal; thou hast not gone to his assistance, therefore thou hast killed him."—Quoted from "An Early Christian Father," by M. Vandervelde in the Belgian Congo debate.

Perhaps the most disquieting fact in the present state of the world is the frequent triumph of acknowledged wrong. Both in the Old World and the New—here unhappily not redressing the balance of the Old—the forces of evil seem to be more powerful and impudent than they were a score of years ago. Disclosure does not dismay them; that great universal judgment of the human race, once armed with thunderbolts, seems now more frightened of itself than capable of alarming others; the vast powers of the modern community, with its highly centralized government and its gigantic machinery of agitation and publicity, seem easily defeated and disarmed, or even turned, like captured cannon, against the common good. We still lock up the smaller criminals; but the colossus seems beyond our reach. He sins boldly and defiantly, seated on throne or judgment seat, in the very blaze of noon. He seems safely guarded by some new stagnancy of the common world-conscience. We look back with scepticism to the days when Mr. Gladstone with a few bold letters could rouse the whole of Europe into a flame of wrath against King Bomba's "Negation of God." Now, Abdul Hamid still reigns. Tales of wrong seem to produce less echo in the "armed camp" of 1906 than in the peaceful mart of 1850.

But every other instance of this new malady pales before the continued survival, after fifteen years of crime, of the Independent Congo Free State.

The "heart of Africa" is far off, and we listen but fitfully to its beats. Our own lives are crowded, and stories of misery are but weary reading. Our own Empire engrosses us, and we have not time for the world-crusades of our forefathers. There is something in the very size and monotony of this great Congo oppression which irritates rather than stimulates the modern man, fatigues his imagination and overloads his sympathies. He thinks dimly, of the tortured native as Childe Roland in Browning's poem thinks of the "stiff, blind horse":—

He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

We could believe a lesser crime and gird on our armor to redress it; but when we hear of more than 15,000,000 human beings—half the estimated population of this Congo State—being "ruled" by a system which in its very nature must mean slavery in the present, and probably means extermination in the future, of a yearly toll of lives that amounts, according to moderate calculations, to 100,000, of murder, kidnapping, mutilation and massacre used by a professedly Christian administration as ordinary methods of rule, we take refuge in incredulity. We cannot at once—thank God!—believe so badly of our fellow human beings. There is nothing in previous history, not in the records of Attila or Timur or Nadir Shah, to prepare us for anything quite so monstrous, so deliberate, so fiendish, so continuous, so defiant. The very immensity of the evil disarms us. We vaguely seek for some relief, and have hitherto found it in the organized and subsidized contradictions of a freely endowed Continental Press, or in the leaflets so obligingly scattered through

the Wagon-Lits of Europe to while away the idle hours of travel.

But now, in the Report of the 1905 Commission,¹ the whole horror and infamy of the Congo rule stands confessed and revealed to the world; and it becomes the duty of those who remember to remind the European world that they, too, stand directly responsible for the lives of these Congo natives, under the Sixth Article of that Berlin Treaty by which, in 1885, this great region was handed over in trust to Leopold II.:-

All the Powers exercising sovereign rights or influence in the aforesaid territories bind themselves to watch over the preservation of the native tribes, and to care for the improvement of the conditions of their moral and material well-being, and to help in suppressing slavery, and especially the slave trade.

This was doubtless the article to which Sir Edward Grey not obscurely alluded in his reply to Mr. Wedgewood in the House of Commons on June 14th, and King Leopold may yet find that alike in the defiance to Europe contained in the letter accompanying the latest batch of so-called "Reforms," and in the reply of his agent to Sir Arthur Hardinge,² he has overlooked the spirit prevailing in the present British House of Commons.

But the danger is lest Europe may again allow itself to be lulled into passivity by "reforms" which can have no possible effect as long as the main system of exploitation is left untouched.

For the security of King Leopold lies

¹ See Abstract issued by the Congo Reform Association, 4, Oldhall Street, Liverpool.

² See M. de Cuvelier's dispatch of April 19th and his interview with Sir Arthur Hardinge on May 11th (Parliamentary Paper Cd. 3,002). The King's attitude is best summed up in Sir Arthur's report of M. de Cuvelier's language:—"He thereupon said, although not very decisively, that even on the absurd as-

in the very magnitude of his offences. He has sinned beyond all ordinary credibility; and he has proved so successful in his large drafts on the bank of international good faith that he will not hesitate to go on drawing as long as his "schemes" are honored. In the past we have been taken unawares, but now we know, and our guilt will be all the greater if we allow ourselves to go on being deceived. For a new thing has appeared in the world. While we have been dreaming of progress and benevolence, there has grown up among us a strange product, born of the union between greed and science, suckled on cynicism and schooled in the subtleties of the law. It is nothing less than a civilized savagery, infinitely more dangerous and terrible than primitive barbarism, because free from all passion, and working in an atmosphere of cold and sinister calculation that admits neither reform nor repentance. It is fortified by a moneyed command of brain-power in every country, and armed in its own work with all the machinery of destruction that science has given to the modern man. This new savagery is not without its champions. A certain vague popular philosophy that has become "procuress to the Lords of Hell" is ready to justify the "Over-Man," whether he reigns in Brussels or Chicago. Deception is among his avowed weapons, and the folly of mankind is his chief asset. Here lies, let us clearly understand, the chief peril of the modern world.

Now, King Leopold has shown himself the boldest master in this new school of "State-craft"; and he has given us such ample experience of his assumption that the Free State were to establish slavery, the other parties to the Berlin Act could not legally interfere, and that the engagements I had quoted were a declaration of general principles and intentions as regarded the treatment of the native populations rather than a binding obligation which the remaining signatories, or any one of them, had a right to enforce."

methods that those who are still deceived by him become partners in his guilt. For ten years he has denied all the facts revealed by the Commission of Inquiry, and now proved by the evidence of his own official documents. Reforms? The whole history of the Congo State is one long story of "reform," of reform which has already changed a large part of that great region into a desert and left wastes where there were smiling villages. Shall we not be fools if we continue to trust? For the chief sentiment on which Leopold has traded has been the vague benevolence of the world. He has built his pyramid of Congolese skulls on a foundation of specious phrases which deceived even General Gordon. It is not the least quarrel that humanity has against him that he has trafficked in high ideals and played the pirate under the guise of the missionary.

While it is impossible to acquit Leopold of conscious guilt, it is not necessary to believe the same of all who have worked with him. Imperialism has given us only too many examples of that ancient observation—"the corruption of the best becomes the worst." When we try to play the wandering angel to mankind at large, we are already in danger of falling back into the beast. The white man's burden easily becomes the white man's undoing. Spain and South America stand out as supreme warnings of that easy descent. For the moment we English can claim Egypt and India as frail, flickering efforts towards a higher goal; but we should work as standing ever on the brink of a fall. It is not necessary to impute utter infamy to the 2000 European agents through whom these horrors have been perpetrated in the valley of the Congo. In a story of genius,³ Joseph Conrad has shown us

how the thing happens. Dragged down by the very barbarism which they went to reform, always goaded on by the demands of an insatiable commercialism at home, these men have gradually descended to depths of which the modern European was assumed to be incapable. The fault lies with the system and the inventor of the system. The moral of the Congo is the moral of the Old India Company. It is that Imperialism is never safe as long as she is the handmaid of Commercialism. King Leopold has made her its slave.

E pur si muove. The Report of the 1905 Commission has roused a storm in Belgium which has profoundly moved that little country and has led to debates in her Parliament which cannot but affect the opinion of Europe. A translated report of those debates lies before me, and it seems worth while to place before the British public some idea of the situation as it appears to the people most affected.⁴ But first let me recall to those who have not followed the matter closely the state of affairs revealed by the Report of the Commission of 1905.

That report closed once and for all the long era of contention and debate, of subsidized contradiction and abuse. The small and intrepid band who have been fighting this Apollyon in the dark during the last ten years found themselves suddenly in the open. For though chosen by Leopold himself on the pressure of the British Government, the Commission revealed a state of affairs as black as any painted by Mr. Morel and Mr. Casement. Nay, more. Though rigorously concealing, despite all pledges to the contrary, the dark and fearful evidence on which their conclusions were based, they logically traced the evils not to chance or ca-

(February 20th, 27th, 28th, March 1st and 2nd, 1905). Issued by the Congo Reform Association, 4, Oldhall Street, Liverpool. Price 1s.

³ In his "Tales of Unrest."

⁴ Verbatim report of the five days' Congo debate in the Belgian House of Representatives

price, but to the inevitable workings of a system. The barbarities fitfully reported in this country by brave missionaries and consuls were revealed to have been due not to the excesses of random men, but to the organization of a central Government which regarded the whole Congo as nothing more than an estate for the production of rubber and copal. The estate is the Government's, and the inhabitants are its slaves. It is a system which is even now being extended, by the pernicious influence of King Leopold, to the French Congo, though it has been happily checked on the Upper Nile by the vigorous resistance of Lord Cromer.

They showed that this system was not applied in a half-hearted manner, as by men with humane instincts, but that it was—and still is—being administered consciously and deliberately, with full knowledge of the authorities, from whose official records most of the evidence was derived. They showed that the system consisted in the essential denial of all rights, either of land, labor or life, to the native. It has been summed up by a Belgian Minister in the phrase, "The native has no right to anything." The Commissioners added a great deal of loyal verbiage and special pleading, but nothing could obscure the significance of the one great central revelation of this Report—that as long as this system lasted the same results would follow.

Three quotations from the Report will suffice to illustrate this summary of its findings. The first bears on what is euphemistically known as the "Labor Tax," but what is really the claim to use the whole native labor of the "State" for the collection of the one great product. This is what the Commissioners say:

In the majority of cases the native must go one or two days' march every

^a Uttered by M. de Smet de Naeyer in 1903.

fortnight, until he arrives at that part of the forest where the rubber vines can be met with in a certain degree of abundance. There the collector passes a number of days in a miserable existence. He has to build himself an improvised shelter, which cannot, obviously, replace his hut. He has not the food to which he is accustomed. He is deprived of his wife, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and the attacks of wild beasts. When once he has collected the rubber he must bring it to the State station or to that of the company, and only then can he return to his village, where he can sojourn for barely more than two or three days, because the next demand is upon him. . . . It is hardly necessary to add that this state of affairs is a flagrant violation of the forty hours law.

A very simple calculation will show that the demand of time from the native for this "Labor Tax" amounts, according to this finding, to eleven days in every fortnight, or 286 days in every year. What is this but the slavery of a whole population—slavery cheapened by the refined modern improvement of keeping it on the spot?

Such a system could not, in the nature of things, be enforced by ordinary sanctions. My second quotation will be the summary of the methods of coercion which the Commission found prevailing on the Congo:—

Taking of hostages, the imprisonment of the chiefs, the institution of sentries or capitas, fines and military expeditions.

The hostages are generally women, the sentinels are armed with "cap-guns" and rifles, and the military expeditions generally mean destruction and annihilation. When we remember that this has been going on for fifteen years, what a summary of horrors in that one sentence!

My third quotation shows the working of that terrible system of "Senti-

nels," who are the real commercial agents of the State:—

Of how many abuses these native sentinels have been guilty it would be impossible to say, even approximately. Several chiefs of baringa brought us, according to the native custom, bundles of sticks, each of which was meant to shew one of their subjects killed by the capitas. One of them shewed 120 murders in his village committed during the last few years. Whatever one may think of the confidence with which this native form of book-keeping may inspire one, a document handed to the Commission by the Director of the A.B.I.K. does not allow any doubt to remain as to the sinister character of the system. It consisted of a list shewing that from 1st January to 1st August, 1905—that is to say within a space of seven months—142 sentries of the Society had been killed or wounded by the natives. Now it is to be assumed that in many cases these sentries had been attacked by the natives by way of revenge. One may judge by this of the number of bloody affrays to which their presence had given rise. On the other hand the agents interrogated by the Commission, or who were present at the audiences, did not even attempt to deny the charges brought against the sentinels.

If this much is admitted by a Commission appointed by King Leopold himself, one cannot feel that we have the whole truth without adding the deliberate evidence of our English Consul Casement, corroborated by many missionaries:—

Of acts of persistent mutilation by government soldiers of this nature I had many statements made to me, some of them specifically, others in a general way. Of the fact of this mutilation, and the causes inducing it, there can be no shadow of doubt. It was not a native custom prior to the coming of the white men; it was not the outcome of the primitive instincts of savages in their fights between village and village; it was the

deliberate act of the soldiers of a European administration, and these men themselves never made any concealment that in committing these acts they were but obeying the positive orders of their superiors.

And if we want an illustration of the system in writing, we can take, out of many such, an official order, issued by a District Commissioner and quoted by Mr. Lorand in the Belgian debate without contradiction:—

M. le Chef de Poste,

Decidedly these people of Inoryo are a bad lot. They have just been and cut some rubber vines at Hull. We must fight them until their absolute submission has been obtained, or their complete extinction. Warn for the last time the people of Inoryo, and put into execution as soon as possible your project of accompanying them to the forest or else go to the village with a good trique.* When you arrive at the first hut, speak as follows to the owner thereof: "Here is a basket; you are to fill it with rubber. Go to the forest at once, and if in a week you have not returned with 10lbs. of rubber, I shall set fire to your hut and you will burn." The trique may be used to drive into the forest those who refuse to leave the village. By burning one hut after another I think that you will not be compelled to proceed to last extremities before being obeyed. Inform the natives that if they cut another single vine, I will exterminate them to the last man.

This, then, was the broad case against the Congo State up to the end of 1905.

But the Report of this Commission was not the only document that lay before the Belgian House of Representatives in their debates. In February of this year—1906—a distinguished Professor of Brussels University, Professor Cattier, who had not hitherto taken up a hostile attitude towards the Congo State, published a book which for the

* A flat wooden mallet, used to thrash the natives in some parts of the Congo.

first time revealed the full personal gains achieved by King Leopold out of the exploiting of the Congo.⁷ The finances of the Congo State—which publishes no accounts beyond estimates—had been up to that moment a deep mystery to its shrewdest critics; but this book threw much light upon them. Professor Cattier showed that in 1896 King Leopold set aside from the Congo State a large area, “about ten times the size of Belgium and two and a half times the size of England,” amounting to about a fourth of the rubber zone, exploited during the past ten years as the *Domaine de la Couronne*. This area became from that time his own individual personal property. It has been managed by three persons completely under his control. No accounts—not even estimates—have been published: no responsibility has been accepted: its very existence was concealed until 1902. The “iron shutter” has fallen on that most miserable of all terrestrial regions, and only an occasional cry has told the world of the hell that has been created behind it. But we can faintly gather from an account of a journey by an English missionary, Mr. Scrivener, that the machinery of massacre and mutilation has there reached its finest point of efficiency.⁸

Now much of this had been already gathered from the only possible source of light—a solitary decree published in 1902, but it had been left to Professor Cattier to illuminate the full meaning of those facts. His first illumination was in the nature of a laborious and carefully tested inference from a comparison between the official records of the rubber expert and the admitted profits of the Congo State. Deducting generously for working expenses, Professor Cattier found that the total rev-

enue of the king's domain from 1896—1905 must have amounted to 70,000,000 francs, or £2,800,000.

Now, how has the king spent that money? Here, Professor Cattier made some interesting discoveries. He found out, by a search through official records, that it has been largely invested in real estate in different parts of Belgium. His inquiries have been restricted by expense to a few districts, but even then the results dug out in Brussels and Ostend cover twenty-one pages in his book. The purchases include hotels, villas, houses, woods, lands, fields, gardens, and stables. It almost looks as if King Leopold aimed at using the proceeds of the Congo for turning Belgium into his private estate.

Besides these purchases, the proceeds of the *Domaine de la Couronne* are being directed—so Professor Cattier also discovered—to the following objects:—

- (1) Construction of the Palace of Laeken at the cost, when completed, of thirty million francs.
- (2) Construction of the Arcade of the Cinquantenaire (celebrating fifty years of Belgian independence) at Brussels.
- (3) Construction of a “Colonial School” at Tervuren.
- (4) A Press Bureau.

“Worse and worse!” The fourth and last is a most important and significant item. It explains much. By an ingenious arrangement the profits wrung from the tortured millions of Africa have been used in filling the Belgian and Continental Press with inspired glorification of the “moral and material regeneration” of the Congo. The only consolation is that the British Press does not appear to have been affected by this colossal temptation.

But the secret profits of the *Domaine* an official admitted, or rather boasted, that for every cartridge used a human hand had to be brought back. In six months 6,000 cartridges had been used.

⁷ *Etude sur la situation de l'Etat Indépendant du Congo*, par Félicien Cattier (Paris, A. Padone. Brussels, Vve. Larcler) price fs. 3.50.

⁸ See Chapter XV. of Mr. Morel's book, “King Leopold's Rule in Africa.” On the Mamboyo

do not explain the mysteries of Congo finance. There are several startling facts. First, the Congo State has published no Budgets since 1893. All that the public sees is "estimates." These "estimates" always agree in one thing only. They always display a deficit. This is in spite of the fact that the administration of the Congo, apart from business, scarcely exists and can cost very little, while the official records of the exports of rubber in ten years amount to 41,195 tons. Nevertheless, the total deficit for the ten years is stated at £1,085,519.

To meet this deficit the Congo State has borrowed, including a Lottery Loan, up to £5,000,000, leaving nearly £4,000,000 unaccounted for.

Thus, if we add this £4,000,000 to the £2,800,000 profits of the *Domaine de la Couronne*, there is a sum unaccounted for of no less than £7,000,000!

Massacre in Africa seems to go hand in hand with robbery in Europe.

The debate in which these amazing revelations were discussed by the Belgian Parliament showed a very high level of oratory and dialectical power for so small a people. It was a sensational and dramatic discussion. The Belgian Ministry found themselves no longer able to defend their master by cheap gibes against "Liverpool merchants," or still cheaper appeals to patriotic sentiment. It was no longer possible to silence the Opposition by cries of "Pro-English" or "enemies of your country"—devices that have been there, as sometimes here, too often the only official stock-in-trade. Belgian opinion was profoundly moved. Two blows had fallen. The Commission had shown that the "calumnies" were true. Professor Cattier had raised the ugly suspicion that this great future estate of Belgium, which Leopold has always dangled as a bribe before the eyes of his people, was being eaten up

by its present owner. Heirs indeed—but to what? To an enormous debt and a devastated country? No wonder that Belgian opinion, faced with these strangely familiar fruits of commercial Imperialism, was deeply stirred.

Broadly speaking, one fact stands out clearly from the strife of tongues. The Belgian Ministers could not deny Professor Cattier's accusations. They could only confine themselves to disputing the accuracy of his estimates. But as they were unable to state the real facts, it is only fair to say that Cattier's figures hold the field. The following colloquy between M. Vandervelde, the brave Socialist leader who opened the debate, and M. de Favereau, the Foreign Minister, speaks for itself:—

M. Vandervelde:—If you say the figure is inaccurate, you must know the accurate figure. In that case loyalty compels you to tell us what it is.

M. de Favereau:—I do not know what it is. (Ironical laughter from extreme left.) But I can assert that the calculation is erroneous because the data which have served as its basis are inaccurate.

Such assertions are of no value, and only illustrate the humiliating position in which responsible Ministers may be placed in a country where the King is allowed to become an independent millionaire. The responsible Ministers "do not know"—they are kept in the dark. This new money power is rapidly undermining what exists of Belgian democracy. Absolutism on the Congo is breeding absolutism at Brussels. If the King wishes to rebut Professor Cattier's accusations, there is only one course open to him. He must publish the full accounts of the *Domaine de la Couronne* and the Congo State. If the facts are honest, there can be no honest reason for keeping them secret.

Happily, the debate has shown that there are more than ten men in the

Belgian Parliament who are sufficiently patriotic in the larger sense of that abused word to protest against the present degradation of their national life and name. There were at least two speeches in the debate—those of M. Vandervelde and M. Lorand—which would do credit to the Mother of Parliaments. These speeches show that there are men in Belgium who fully understand and condemn the present system, and only hesitate to take over the full Colonial responsibility from fear of being involved in any complicity for these horrible scandals.

There is a strange familiarity about the arguments used in defence. They seem a horrible parody of much that we have heard in recent years within our own Parliament. Glorifications of what is quaintly called "civilization" mingle grotesquely with appeals to racial and religious prejudice. The hut taxes in the British colonies are quoted as proofs of the necessity to coerce the natives into work. Such dialectics as the following show that something of the same great issue is being fought on both sides of the water:—

M. Masson:—Is it by coercion that you intend to lead the natives to work?

M. de Smet de Naeyer:—In the earlier stages a certain amount of coercion cannot be avoided (interruption—uproar).

M. Janson:—It is with such arguments that slavery is justified.

M. Vandervelde and his friends strove bravely against these sophistries, and not ineffectively. They obtained 60 votes against 86 in favor of a demand for accounts and documents, and 26

⁹ M. Vandervelde stated that the following order had been issued to the officials in charge of the station in the Rubi-Welle by the General Commissioner in the Welle district.

"I give you *carte blanche* (to procure 4,000 kilos of rubber per month). You have two months in which to work your people. Employ gentleness at first, and if they persist in resisting the demands of the State, employ force of arms."

votes against 88 in favor of imitating Italy by refusing to allow Belgian officers to be employed on the Congo. The reactionary and Clerical Government which has dominated Belgium for so many years, and has unhappily even survived the elections that have since taken place, was only able to avoid defeat by accepting a motion to proceed with a law on the government of the Colonial possessions of Belgium. It is not much, but it is a homage to virtue.

Perhaps the most satisfactory utterance during the debate was M. Vandervelde's eloquent reply to King Leopold's policy—now being extensively pursued in Brussels—of bribing Belgium into acquiescence by great gifts of public works:—

I tell him that this money, these profits, these presents, are shameful things, because they are the result of the exploitation of a whole people.

Let us hope that these words will gradually penetrate into the mind and conscience of the Belgian people. They are the only fit reply to the horrible documents quoted by M. Vandervelde and M. Lorand during the debate and not disavowed by the Belgian Government.⁹

What has happened since the debate? Anything to disarm vigilance or mitigate judgment? One is obliged to say—nothing. "But," I shall be told, "are you forgetting King Leopold's Commission of Reform, and the humane regulations issued on June 8th and already the law of the Congo State? Is it not a little unfair to judge these reforms as severely as Mr. Morel does?"¹⁰

He also read a letter signed by an officer in the Belgian Army:—

"Chief Ngulu, of Wangata is sent in to the Maringa to buy slaves for me. Ask the Agents of the A.B.I.R. to be good enough to inform me of the ill-deeds which he may commit en route."

¹⁰ See the searching analysis of the "Reforms" in Mr. Morel's "Memorial" to the Government (June, 1906. John Richardson, Liver-

The pity of it is that Mr. Morel has always been right, and the apologists always wrong: and that not because Mr. Morel is infallible, but because he keeps his eye on the central and governing fact of the situation. And that fact is that as long as the Congo State is a commercial company bent on collecting 5000 tons of rubber yearly for the King and his fellow-monopolists, the present system is the only method by which that miracle can be achieved. Take one instance. The forty hours' labor limit, which is the chief of these reforms, was already in force when the Commission of Enquiry visited the country in 1905. It was not merely evaded, but had been converted, with really infernal ingenuity, into a machine for increasing the great oppression. For it was accompanied by a secret circular ordering the Congo agents to increase the supply of rubber!¹²

After this revelation, who can trust the *bona fides* of the Congo Government or pretend to treat the new "reforms" seriously?

On the contrary, it is clear from his covering letter that instead of reforming, this "Sovereign-King" is preparing for a new and yet more outrageous development. In that insolent document King Leopold claims to stand alone, above the law:—

The Congo is essentially a personal undertaking. . . . None has the right of intervention, which nothing could justify. . . . The law of nations regulates the relations between Sovereign Powers: there is no special international law for the Congo State. . . . My rights

pool). To take one instance, while abolishing the use of repeating rifles by the sentries, it leaves them the "cap-guns" which they now generally use.

¹² This is what the Commission of Enquiry reported:—"A circular of the Governor General, dated 9th February, 1904, informs the District Commissioners that the application of the new law on taxation must have the result not only of maintaining the results acquired during preceding years, but rather

in the Congo are indivisible: they are the product of personal labor and expense."¹³

Never has absolutism—the absolute personal possession of 30,000,000 of human beings—been more boldly expressed. And it is clear that King Leopold means what he says. For while he is asserting this to Europe, on the Congo he is taking a vital step. He is asserting his autocracy by the first persecution of one of the many Protestant missionaries who have revealed the iniquities of his *régime*. If the British public are wise, even in their own interest, they will keep an eye on that missionary who is now undergoing his lonely and terrible ordeal on the distant Congo. Missionaries are not always wise: but the record of many of those on the Congo has been noble and has secured the whole-hearted approval of the Commission of 1905. In that fact, doubtless, lies the reason for the prosecution of Mr. Stannard. The missionaries are to be muzzled, and thus the "iron shutter" is to be finally soldered.

As for Mr. Stannard, he has the right to say, *Civis Britannicus sum*. If we allow him to be condemned unjustly, his fate will be on us and our children.¹⁴

His persecution brings home vividly the fact that we cannot leave the righting of this mighty and high-placed wrong to the feeble and uncertain hands of little Belgium. King Leopold, however much he may bluster of independence, is by treaty no more than the moral trustee of the civilized world, and that world has the right and the

of influencing a progressive increase in the revenue."

¹³ The "Times," June 11th, 1906.

¹⁴ Letters from Mr. Stannard reveal the fact that he is being prosecuted for evidence given before the Commission of Enquiry. Sir Edward Grey has very rightly allowed an English Consul to defend him. But the Public Prosecutor has been engaged in many controversies with Mr. Stannard.

duty of recalling him to the terms of his trust. The signatories of the Berlin Treaty cannot shake off responsibility for a solemn engagement to which they put their seals. They cannot idly allow the sixth article to remain a dead letter. Sir Edward Grey has said that one Power cannot act alone, and Secretary Root is said to have uttered the same opinion. But Great Britain and the United States can act together. Nor is it lightly to be believed that in the face of recent revelations Europe would refuse an International Conference to probe the dark and hidden recesses of this obscure Inferno.

Great Britain has a very special right to speak in the matter. She remains now, as in 1870, almost the only sure and certain guarantor of Belgian independence, liable to be threatened at any time on either frontier by the mutual hostility of France and Germany. King Leopold's throne is largely a British gift, rendered secure by British goodwill—a safer defence than any wild scheme of fortifications at Antwerp. This nation is far too just to think of visiting the wrongs of a single man on the 7,000,000 inhabitants of Belgium, wherein, as in ancient Nineveh,

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dwelt many "that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle." We do not wish to "draw up an indictment against a nation." The offender is not a nation, but a man. Leopold II. is not a Belgian; and there are crimes against humanity which the oil of an anointed king cannot wash away.

Whatever the measures of redress, it is not to be believed that good men can remain inactive under the shame of this continuing crime. We are of the race of Wilberforce. In destroying the slave-trade of a hundred years ago our forefathers performed a far greater task than that to which we are here called—fought against greater powers, even more strongly entrenched. But the sufferings of the Middle Passage pale before what is going on now in Central Africa. The plantation and domestic slavery of the West Indies and the Southern States, even at its worst, was humanity itself in comparison with the system which King Leopold has established over 15,000,000 human beings. A great cry goes up from that land—a cry for mercy, a cry for help. Are there none to listen?

Harold Spender.

ACCORDING TO MEREDITH.

Certainly, however, one day these present conditions of marriage will be changed. Marriage will be allowed for a certain period, say ten years.

(Mr. George Meredith in the *Daily Mail* of September 24th, 1904.)

"Give you some heads? My dear fellow, there need be no question of heads! This is to be a model will. You need simply put down, in as few words as are legally permissible—I know nothing of such things—that I leave all of which I die possessed to my wife."

Philip Dering threw his head back, and gave the man to whom he was speaking, and opposite to whom he was standing, a confident smiling glance. Then he turned and walked quickly over to the narrow, old-fashioned, balconied window which, commanding the wide wind-blown expanse of Abingdon Street, exactly faced the great cavity formed by the arch of the Victoria Tower.

To the right lay the riverside garden, a bright patch of delicate spring color-

ing and green verdure, bounded by the slow-moving gray waters of the Thames; and Dering's eager eyes travelled on till he saw, detaching itself against an April afternoon horizon, the irregular mass of building formed by Lambeth Palace and the Lollards' Tower.

"I say," he exclaimed, rather suddenly, "this is better than Bedford Park, eh? I suppose a floor in one of these houses would cost us a tremendous lot: even beyond *our* means, Wingfield?" and again a happy smile came over the tense, clear-cut face, still full of youthful glow and enthusiasm.

"You wish everything to go to Louise? All right, I'll make a note of that." The speaker, a round-faced, slightly bald, shrewd-looking lawyer, took no notice of the, to him, absurd question concerning the rent of floors in Abingdon Street. Still, he looked indulgently at his friend, as he added: "But wait a bit—I promise that yours shall be a model will—only you seem to have forgotten, my dear fellow, that you may outlive your wife. Now, should you have the misfortune to lose Louise, to whom would you wish to devise this £15,000? It's possible, too, though not very probable, I admit, that you may both die at the same time—both be killed in a railway accident for instance."

"Such good fortune may befall us —" Dering spoke quite simply, and accepted the other's short laugh with great good humor. "Oh! you know what I mean—I always *have* thought husbands and wives—who care, I mean—ought to die on the same day. That they don't do so is one of the many strange mysteries which complicate life. But look here, Wingfield—"

The speaker had turned away from the window. He had again taken up his stand opposite the other's broad writing table, and not even the cheap ill-made clothes could hide the graceful

lines of the tall, active figure, not even the turned-down collar and orange silk tie could destroy the young man's look of rather subtle distinction.

"Failing Louise, I should like this money, at my death, to be divided equally between the young Hinton and your kids," and as the other made a gesture of protest, Dering added quickly: "What better could I do? Louise is devoted to Jack Hinton's children, and I've always regarded you—I have indeed, old man, as my one real friend. Of course it's possible now,"—an awkward shy break came into his voice—"it's possible now, I say, that we may have children of our own; I don't suppose you've ever realized how poor, how horribly poor we've been all these years."

He looked away, avoiding the other man's eyes; then, picking up his hat and stick with a quick, nervous gesture, was gone.

After the door had shut on his friend, Wingfield went on still standing for awhile. His hands mechanically sorted the papers and letters lying on his table into neat little heaps, but his thoughts were travelling backward, through his and Dering's past lives.

The friends had first met at the City of London School, for they were much of an age, though the lawyer looked the elder of the two. Then Dering had gone to Cambridge, and Wingfield, more humbly, to take up life as an articled clerk to a good firm of old-established attorneys. Again, later, they had come together once more, sharing a modest lodging, while Dering earned a small uncertain income by contributing to the literary weeklies, by ghosting writers more fortunate than himself, by tutoring whenever he got a chance, in a word by resorting to the few expedients open to the honest educated Londoner lacking a definite profession. The two men had not

parted company till Dering, enabled to do so with the help of a small legacy, had chosen to marry a Danish girl, as good-looking, as high-minded, as unpractical as himself.

But stay, had Louise Dering proved herself so unpractical during the early years of her married life? Wingfield, standing there, his mind steeped in memories, compared her, with an unconscious critical sigh, with his own stolid, unimaginative wife, Kate. As he did so he wondered whether, after all, Dering had not known how to make the best of both worlds. True, he and his Louise had gone through some bad times together. Wingfield had been the one intimate of the young couple when they began their married life in a three-roomed flat in Gray's Inn, and he had been aware, painfully so, of the incessant watchful struggle with money difficulties, never mentioned while the struggle was in being, for only the rich can afford to complain of poverty. He had admired, it might almost be said he had revered with all his heart, the high courage then shown by his friend's wife.

During those first difficult years, when he, Wingfield, could do nothing for them, Louise had gone without the help of even the least adequate servant. The women of her nation are taught housewifery as an indispensable feminine accomplishment, and so she had scrubbed and sung, cooked and read, made and mended for Philip and herself.

Wingfield was glad to remember that it was he who had at last found Dering regular employment; he who had so far thrown prudence aside as to persuade one of his first and most valuable clients to appoint his clever if eccentric friend secretary to a company formed to exploit a new invention. The work had proved congenial: Dering had done admirably well, and now, when his salary had just been

raised to four hundred a year, a distant, almost unknown, cousin of his dead mother's had left him fifteen thousand pounds!

At last James Wingfield sat down. He began making notes of the instructions he had just received, though as he did so he knew well enough that he could not bring himself to draw up a will by which his own children might so greatly benefit. Then, as he sat, pen in hand, wondering with a certain discomfort as to what ought to be the practical outcome of the conversation, there suddenly came a sound of hurrying feet up the shallow oak staircase, and through the door, flung open quickly and unceremoniously, strode once more Philip Dering.

"I say, I've forgotten something!" he exclaimed, and then, as Wingfield instinctively looked round the bare spacious room—"No, I didn't leave anything behind me. I simply forgot to ask you one very important question—"

He took off his hat, put it down with a certain deliberation, then drew up a chair, and placed himself astride on it, an action which to the other suddenly seemed to blot out the years which had gone by since they had been housemates together. "As I went down your jolly old staircase, Wingfield, it suddenly occurred to me that making a will may not be quite so simple a matter as I once thought it—" He hesitated a moment, then went on: "So I've come back to ask you the meaning of the term 'proving a will.' What I really want to get at, old man, is whether my wife, if she became a widow, would have to give any actual legal proof of our marriage? Would she be compelled, I mean, to show her 'marriage lines'?"

Wingfield hesitated. The question took him by surprise. "I fancy that would depend," he said, "on the actual

wording of the will, but all that sort of thing is a mere formality, and of course any solicitor employed by her would see to it. By the way, I suppose you were married in Denmark?" He frowned, annoyed with himself for having forgotten a fact with which he must have once been well acquainted; "If you had asked me to be your best man," he added with a vexed laugh, "I shouldn't have forgotten the circumstances."

Dering tipped the chair which he was bestriding a little nearer to the edge of the table which stood between himself and Wingfield: a curious look, a look half humorous, half deprecating, but in no sense ashamed, came over his sensitive, mobile face.

"No," he said, at length, "we were not married in Denmark. Neither were we married in England. In fact there was no ceremony at all."

The eyes of the two men, of the speaker and of his listener, met for a moment; but Wingfield, to the other's sudden uneasy surprise, made no comment on what he had just heard.

Dering sprang up, and during the rest of their talk he walked, with short, quick strides, from the door to the window, from the window to the door. "I wanted to tell you at the time. But Louise would not have it; though I told her that in principle—not of course, in practice—you thoroughly agreed with me—I mean with us. Nay, more, that you, with your clear, legal mind, had always realized, even more than I could do, the utter absurdity of making such a contract as that of marriage—which of all contracts is the most intimately personal, and which least affects the interests of those outside the contracting parties—the only legal contract which can't be rescinded or dissolved by mutual agreement! Then again, you must admit that there was one really good reason why we should not

tell you the truth: you already liked Kate, and Louise, don't you remember, used to play chaperon. Now, Kate's people, you know—" All the humor had gone out of Dering's face, but the deprecating look had deepened.

The lawyer made a strong effort over himself. He had felt for a moment keenly hurt, and not a little angry. "I don't think," he said quietly, "that there is any need of explanations or apologies between us. Of course, I can't help feeling very much surprised, and that in spite of our old theoretical talks and discussions, concerning—well, this subject. But I don't doubt that in the circumstances you did quite right. Mind you, I don't mean about the marriage," he quickly corrected himself, "but only as to the concealment from me." He waited a moment, and then went on, hesitatingly, "But even now I don't really understand what happened—I should like to know a little more—"

Dering stayed his walk across the room, and stood opposite his friend. He felt a great wish to justify himself, and to win Wingfield's retrospective sympathy. "I will tell you everything there is to tell!" he cried eagerly; "indeed, it can all be told in a moment. My wife and I entered into a personal contract together, which we arranged, provisionally, of course, should last ten years. Louise was quite willing, absolutely willing. . . ." For the first time there came a defensive note in the eager voice. "You see the idea—that of leasehold marriage? We used to talk about it, you and I, of course only as a Utopian possibility. All I can say is that I had the good fortune to meet with a woman with whom I was able to try the experiment; and all I can tell you is—well, I need not tell *you*, Wingfield, that there has never been a happier marriage than ours." Again Dering started pacing up and down the room. "Louise has been everything—

everything—everything—that such a man as myself could have looked for in a wife!”

“And has no one ever guessed—has no one ever known?” asked the other, rather sternly.

“Absolutely no one! Yes, wait a moment—there has been one exception. Louise told Gerda Hinton. You know they became very intimate after we went to Bedford Park, and Louise thought Gerda ought to know. But it made no difference—no difference at all!” he added, emphatically; “in fact poor Gerda practically left her baby to Louise’s care.”

“And that worthless creature, Jack Hinton—does he know too?”

“No, I don’t think so: in fact I may say most decidedly not—but of course Gerda may have told him, though for my part I don’t believe that husbands and wives share their friends’ secrets. Still, you are quite at liberty to tell Kate.”

“No,” said Wingfield, “I don’t intend to tell Kate, and there will be no reason to do so if you will take my advice—which is, I need hardly tell you, to go and get married at once. Now that you have come into this money your doing so becomes a positive duty. Are you aware that if you were run over on your way home to-day, Louise would have no standing? that she would not have a right to a penny of this money, or even to any of the furniture which is in your house? Let me see, how long is it that you have been”—he hesitated awkwardly—“together?”

Dering looked round at him rather fiercely. “We have been married nine years and a half,” he said. “Our wedding day was the first of September. We spent our honeymoon in Denmark. You remember my little legacy?” Wingfield nodded his head. His heart suddenly went out to his friend—the prosperous lawyer had reason to remember that hundred pound legacy, for

ten pounds of it had gone to help him out of some foolish scrape. But Dering had forgotten all that: he went on speaking, but more slowly: “And then, as you know, we came back and settled down in Gray’s Inn, and though we were horribly poor, perhaps poorer than even you ever guessed, we were divinely happy.” He turned his back to the room and stared out once more at the grayness opposite. “But you’re quite right, old man, it’s time we did like our betters! We’ll be married at once, and I’ll take her off for another and a longer honeymoon, and we’ll come back and be even happier than we were before.” Then again, as abruptly as before, he was gone, shutting the door behind him, and leaving Wingfield staring thoughtfully after him.

That his friend, that the Philip Dering of ten years ago, should have done such a thing, was in no way remarkable, but that Louise—the thoughtful, well-balanced, intelligent woman, who, coming as a mere girl from Denmark, had known how to work her way up to a position of great trust and responsibility in a City house, so winning the esteem and confidence of her employers that they had again and again asked her to return to them after her marriage—that she should have consented to such—to such . . . Wingfield even in his own mind hesitated for the right word . . . to such an arrangement—seemed to the lawyer an astounding thing, savoring indeed of the fifth dimension. No, no, he would certainly not tell Kate anything about it. Why should he? He knew very well how his wife would regard the matter, and how her condemnation would fall, not on Louise—Kate had become excessively fond of Louise—no indeed, but on Dering. Kate had never cordially “taken” (a favorite word of hers, that) to Wingfield’s friend: she thought him affected and unpractical, and she laughed at his turned-down collars

and Liberty ties. No, no, there was no reason why Kate should be told a word of this extraordinary, this amazing story.

On leaving Abington Street, Philip Dering swung across the broad roadway, and made his way, almost instinctively, to the garden which lay so nearly opposite his friend's office windows. He wanted to calm down, to think things over, and to recover full possession of himself before going home.

It had cost him a considerable effort to tell Wingfield this thing. Not that he was in the least ashamed of what he and Louise had done—on the contrary, he was very proud of it—but he had often felt, during all those years, that he was being treacherous to the man who was, after all, his best friend; and there was in Dering enough of the feminine element—that element which Kate Wingfield so thoroughly despised in him—to make him feel sorry and ashamed.

However, Wingfield had taken it very well, just as he would have wished him to take it, and no doubt the lawyer had given thoroughly sound advice. This unexpected, this huge legacy made all the difference. Besides, Dering knew well enough, when he examined his own heart and conscience, that he felt very differently about all manner of things from what he had been wont to feel say ten years ago. After all, he was following in the footsteps of men greater and wiser than he. It is impossible to be wholly consistent. If he had been consistent he would have refused to pay certain taxes—in fact, to have been wholly consistent during the last ten years would have probably landed him, England being what it is, in a lunatic asylum! He shuddered, suddenly remembering that for awhile his own mother had been insane. Still, as he strode along the

primly kept paths of the Thames-side garden, he felt a great and, as he thought, a legitimate pride in the knowledge that in this one all-important matter, so deeply affecting his own and Louise's life, he and she had triumphantly defied convention, and had come out victorious.

The young man's thoughts suddenly took a softer, a more intimate turn: he told himself, with intense secret satisfaction, that Louise was dearer, aye, far dearer and more indispensable to him now than she had been during the days when she was still the "sweet stranger whom he called his wife." He remembered once saying to Wingfield that the ideal mate should be the improbable she able at once to clean a grate, to cook a dinner, and to discuss Ibsen! Well, Louise had more, far more than fulfilled this early and rather absurd ideal. From the day when they had first met and made unconventional acquaintance, with no intervening friend to form a gossip-link of introduction, he had found her full of ever recurrent and enchanting surprises. Her foreign birth and upbringing gave her both original and unsuspected points of view about everything English, and he had often thought, with good-humored pity, of all those unfortunate friends of his, Wingfield included, whose lot it had perforce been to choose their wives among their own countrywomen.

Dering had not seen much of Denmark, but everything he had seen had won his enthusiastic approval. Where else were modern women to be found at once so practical and so cultivated, so pure-minded and so large-hearted? Perhaps he was half aware that his heaven was of his own creation, but that, in his present exalted mood, was only an added triumph: how few human beings can evolve, and preserve at will, their own stretch of blue sky!

Of course it was not always as easy

as it seemed to be to-day; lately Louise had been listless and tired, utterly unlike herself—even, he had once or twice thought with dismay, slightly hysterical! But all that would disappear, utterly, during the first few days of their coming travels; and even he, so he now reminded himself, had felt quite unlike his usual sensible self—Dering was very proud of his good sense—since had come the news of this wonderful, this fairy-gift-like legacy.

The young man passed out of the garden, his feet stepping from the soft shell-strewn gravel on to the wide pavement which borders the Houses of Parliament. He made his way round swiftly, each buoyant step a challenge to fate, to the Members' Entrance, and so across the road to the gate which leads into what was once the old parish churchyard of Westminster. It was still too cold to sit out of doors, and after a momentary hesitation he turned into Westminster Abbey by the great north door.

Dering had not been in the Abbey since he was a child, and the spirit of quietude which fills the broad nave and narrow aisles on early spring days soothed his restlessness. But that, alas! only for a moment; as soon as his busy brain began to realize all that lay about him, he was filled with a sincere if half voluntarily comic indignation. It annoyed him to feel that this national heritage was still a church; why could not Westminster Abbey be treated as are the Coliseum in Rome and the Panthéon in Paris? And so, as he sat down in one of the pews which roused his resentment, he began to think over all the improvements which he would effect, were he given, if only for a few days, a free hand in Westminster Abbey!

Suddenly he saw, at right angles with himself, and moving across the choir, a group of four people, consisting of a

man, a woman, and two children. The man was Jack Hinton, the idle, ill-conditioned artist neighbor of his in Bedford Park, to whom there had been more than one reference in his talk with Wingfield; the children were Agatha and Mary Hinton, the motherless girls of the Danish woman to whom Louise had been so much devoted; and the fourth figure was that of Louise herself. His wife's back was turned to Dering, but even without the other three he would have known the tall graceful figure, if only by the masses of fair, almost flint-white hair, arranged in low coils below her neat hat.

Dering felt no wish to join the little party. He was still too excited, too interested in his own affairs, to care for making and hearing small talk. Still, a look of satisfaction came over his face as he watched the four familiar figures finally disappear round a pillar. How pleased Louise would be when he told her of his latest scheme, that of commissioning the unfortunate Hinton to paint her portrait! If only the man could be induced to work, he might really make something of his life after all. Dering meant to give the artist £100, and his heart glowed at the thought of what such a sum would mean in the untidy, womanless little house in which his wife took so tender and kindly an interest.

Dering and Jack Hinton had never exactly hit it off together, though they had known each other for many years, and though they had both married Danish wives. The one felt for the other the worker's wordless contempt for the incorrigible idler. Yet, Dering had been very sorry for Hinton at the time of poor Mrs. Hinton's death, and he liked to think that now he would be able to do the artist a good turn. He had even thought very seriously of offering to adopt the youngest Hinton child, a baby now nearly a year old;

but a certain belated feeling of prudence, of that common-sense which often tempers the wind to the reckless enthusiast, had given him pause. After all, he and Louise might have children of their own, and the position of this little interloper might be an awkward one. Louise had always intensely wished to have a child—nay, children—and now, if it only depended on him, and if Nature would only be kind, she should have her wish. Perhaps that would be the most tangible good this legacy would bring them.

Dering left the Abbey by the door which gives access to the Cloisters. There he spent half an hour in pleasant meditation before he started home for the place which he knew to be so much dearer to his wife than to himself, for Dering was a Londoner, the son of a doctor who had practised for many years in one of the City parishes, and in his heart he had much preferred the rooms in Gray's Inn which had been their first married home to the trim little villa, of which the interior had acquired an absurd and touching resemblance to that of a Danish homestead.

Those who declare that the borderlands of London lack physiognomy are strangely mistaken. Each suburban district has an individual character of its own, and of none is this more true than of Bedford Park. Encompassed by poor and populous streets, within a stone's throw of what is still one of the great highways out of the town, this oasis, composed of villas set in gardens, has the tranquil, rather mysterious, charm of a river backwater.

The amazing contrast between the stir and unceasing sound of the broad Bath Road and the stillness of Lady Rich Road—surely the man who laid out Bedford Park must have been a Cromwell enthusiast—struck Dering with a sense of unwonted pleasure. As he put his latchkey in the front door

he remembered that his wife had told him that their young Danish servant was to have that day her evening out. Well, so much the better: they would have their talk, their discussion concerning their future plans, without fear of eavesdropping or interruption.

Various little signs showed that Louise was already back from town. Dering went straight upstairs, and, as he began taking off his boots, he called out to her, though the door between his room and hers was shut: "Do come in here, for I have so much to tell you!" But there came no answering word, and after a moment he heard his wife's soft footsteps going down the house.

Dering dressed himself with some care: it had always been one of his theories that a man should make himself quite as formally agreeable at home as he does elsewhere, and he and Louise had ever practised, the one to the other, the minor courtesies of life. Before going downstairs he also tidied his room, as far as was possible for him to do so, and delicately picking up his dusty boots, he took them down into the kitchen so as to save their young servant the trouble.

Then, at last, he went through into the dining-room, where he found Louise standing by the table on which lay spread their simple supper.

She gave him a quick, questioning glance, then: "I saw you in the Abbey," she said in a constrained, hesitating voice; "why did you not come up and speak to us? Mr. Hinton was on his way to some office, and I brought the children back alone."

"If I had known that was going to be the case," said Dering frankly, "I should have joined you, but I had just been spending an hour with Wingfield, and—well, I didn't feel in the mood to make small talk for Hinton!"

He waited a moment, but she made no comment. Louise had always been a silent, listening woman, and this had

made her seem to eager, ardent Philip a singularly restful companion. He went on, happily at first, rather nervously towards the close of his sentence, "Well, everything is settled—even to my will. But I found Wingfield had to know—I mean about our old arrangement."

"Then you told him? I do not think you should have done that." Louise spoke very slowly, and in a low voice. "I asked you if I might do so before telling Gerda Hinton."

Dering looked at her deprecatingly. He felt both surprised and sorry. It was almost the first time in their joint lives that she had uttered to him anything savoring of a rebuke.

"Please forgive my having told Wingfield without first consulting with you," he said at once; "but you see the absurd, the abominable state of the English law is such that in case of my sudden death you would have no right to any of this money. Besides, apart from that fact, if I trusted to my own small legal knowledge and made a will in which you were mentioned, you would probably have trouble with those odious relations of mine. So I simply had to tell him."

Dering saw that the discussion was beginning to be very painful and disagreeable; he felt a pang of impatient regret that he had spoken to his wife now, instead of waiting until she had had a thorough change and holiday.

Louise was still standing opposite to him, looking straight before her and avoiding his anxious glances. Suddenly he became aware that her lip was trembling, and that her eyes were full of tears; quickly he walked round to where she was standing, and put his hand on her shoulder.

"I am sorry, very sorry, that I had to tell Wingfield," he said; "but, darling, why should you mind so much? He was quite sympathetic. He thor-

oughly understood; I think I might even say that he thoroughly agrees with our point of view; but I fancy he felt rather hurt about it, and I couldn't help wishing that we had told him at the time."

Dering's hand travelled from his wife's shoulder to her waist, and he held her to him, unresisting but strangely passive, as he added: "You can guess, my dearest, what Wingfield, in his character of solicitor, advises us to do? Of course, in a sense it will be a fall from grace—but, after all, we sha'n't love one another the less because we have been to a registry office, or spent a quarter of an hour in a church! I do think that we should follow his advice. He will let me know to-morrow what formalities have to be fulfilled to carry the thing through, and then, dear heart, we will go off for a second honeymoon. Sometimes I wonder if you realize what this money means to us both—I mean in the way of freedom and of added joy."

But Louise still turned from him, and, as she disengaged herself from the strong encircling arm, he could see the slow, reluctant tears rolling down her cheek.

Dering felt keenly distressed. The long strain, the gallantly endured poverty, the constant anxiety, had evidently told on his wife more than he had known. "Don't let's talk about it any more!" he exclaimed. "There's no hurry about it now, after all."

"I would rather talk about it now, Philip. I don't—I don't at all understand what you mean. It is surely too late for us now to talk of marriage? The time remaining to us is too short to make it worth while."

Dering looked at her bewildered. Well as she spoke the language, she had remained very ignorant of England and of English law. "I will try and explain to you," he said gently, "why Wingfield has made it quite clear to

me that we shall have to go through some kind of legal ceremony—"

"But there are so few months," she repeated, and he felt her trembling; "it is not as if you were likely to die before September; besides, if you were to do so, I should not care about the money."

For the first time a glimmer of what she meant, of what she was thinking, came into Dering's mind. He felt strongly moved and deeply touched. This, then, was why she had seemed so preoccupied, so unlike herself, of late. "My darling, surely you do not imagine—that I am thinking . . . of leaving you?"

"No," and for the first time Louise, as she uttered the word, looked up straight into Dering's face. "No, it was not of you that I was thinking—but of myself . . ."

"Let us sit down." Dering's voice was so changed, so uneager, so cold, that Louise, for the first time during their long partnership, felt as if she was with a stranger. "I want to thoroughly understand your point of view. Do you mean to say that when we first arranged matters you intended our—our marriage to be, in any case, only a temporary union?" He waited for her answer, looking at her with a still grimness, an unfamiliar antagonism, that raised in her a feeling of resentment, and renewed her courage. "Please tell me," he said again, "I think you owe me the truth, and I really wish to know."

Then she spoke. And though her hands still trembled, her voice was quite steady. "Yes, Philip, I will tell you the truth, though I fear you will not like to hear it. When I first accepted the proposal you made to me, I felt convinced that, as regarded myself, the feeling which brought us together would be eternal, but I as fully believed that with you that same feel-

ing would be only temporary. I was ready to remain with you as long as you would have me do so; but I felt sure that you would grow tired of me some day, and I told myself—secretly, of course, for I could not have insulted you or myself by saying such a thing to you then—I told myself, I say, that when that day came, the day of your weariness of me, I would go away, and make no further demand upon you."

"You really believed that I should grow tired of you, that I should wish to leave you?" Dering looked at her as a man might look at a stranger who has suddenly revealed some sinister and grotesque peculiarity of appearance or manner.

"Certainly I did so. How could I divine that you alone would be different to all the men of whom I had ever heard? Still, I loved you so well—ah, Philip, I did love you so—that I would have come to you on any terms, as indeed I did come on terms very injurious to myself. But what matters now what I then thought? I see that I was wrong—you have been faithful to me in word, thought, and deed—"

"Yes," said Dering fiercely, "by God, that is so! Go on!"

"I also have been faithful to you—" she hesitated. "Yes, I think I may truly say it, in thought, word, and deed,—"

Dering drew a long breath, and she went slowly on, "but I have realized, and that for some time past, that the day would come when I should no longer wish to be so—when I should wish to be free. I have gradually regained possession of myself, and, though I know I must fulfil all my obligations to you for the time I promised, I long for the moment of release, for the moment when I shall at last have the right to forget, as much as such things can ever be forgotten, these ten years of my life."

As she spoke, pronouncing each word clearly in the foreign fashion, her voice

gained a certain sombre confidence, and a flood of awful, hopeless bitterness filled the heart of the man sitting opposite to her. "And have you thought," he asked in a constrained voice, "what you are going to do? I know you have sometimes regretted your work; do you intend—or perhaps you have already applied to Mr. Farningham?"

"No," she answered, and, unobserved by him, for he was staring down at the tablecloth with unseeing eyes, a deep pink flush made her look suddenly girlish, "that will not be necessary. I have, as you know, regretted my work, and of late I have sometimes thought that, things being as they were, you acted with cruel thoughtlessness in compelling me to give it all up. But in my new life there will be much for me to do."

"I do not ask you," he said, suddenly, hoarsely; "I could not insult you by asking. . . ."

"I do not think," she spoke slowly, answering the look, the intonation, rather than the words, "that I am going to do anything unworthy."

But Dering, with sharp suspicion, suddenly became aware that she had changed color, and that from pale she had become red. His mind glanced quickly over their comparatively small circle of friends and acquaintances—first one, then another familiar figure rose, hideously vivid, before him. He felt helpless, bewildered, fettered. "Do you contemplate leaving me for another man?" he asked quietly.

Again Louise hesitated a moment. "Yes," she said at length, "that is what I am going to do. I did not mean to tell you now—though I admit that later, before the end, you would have had a right to know. The man to whom I am going, and who is not only willing, but anxious, to make me his wife, I mean his legal wife,"—she gave Dering a quick, strange look—"has great need of me, far more so than

you ever had. My feeling for him is not in any way akin to what was once my feeling for you; that does not come twice, at any rate to such a woman as I feel myself to be; but my affection, my—my—regard will be, in this case, I believe, more enduring; and, as you know, I dearly love his children, and promised their mother to take care of them."

While she spoke, Dering, looking fixedly at her, seemed to see a shadowy group of shabby forlorn human beings form itself and take up its stand by her side—Jack Hinton, with his weak, handsome face, and shifty, pleading eyes, his two plain, neglected-looking little girls, and then, cradled as he had so often seen it in Louise's arms, the ugly and to him repulsive-looking baby.

What chance had he, what memories had their common barren past, to fight this intangible appealing vision?

He raised his hand and held it for a moment over his eyes, in a vain attempt to shut out both that which he had evoked, and the sight of the woman whose repudiation of himself only seemed to make more plainly visible the bonds which linked them the one to the other. Then he turned away, with a certain deliberation, and, having closed the door, walked quickly through the little hall, flinging himself bareheaded into the open air.

For the second time that day Philip Dering felt an urgent need of solitude in which to hold communion with himself. And yet, when striding along the dimly-lighted, solitary thoroughfares, the stillness about him seemed oppressive, and the knowledge that he was encompassed by commonplace, contented folk intolerable.

And so, scarcely knowing where his feet were leading him, he made his way at last into the broad, brilliantly lighted Bath Road, now full of glare, of sound, and of movement, for throngs

of workers, passing to and fro, were seeking the amusement and excitement of the street after their long, dull working day.

Very soon Dering's brain became abnormally active; his busy thoughts took the shape of completed half-uttered sentences, and he argued with himself, not so loudly that those about him could hear, but still with moving lips, as to the outcome of what Louise had told him that evening.

He was annoyed to find that his thoughts refused to marshal themselves in due sequence. Thus, when trying to concentrate his mind on the question of the immediate future, memories of Gerda Hinton, of the dead woman with whom he had never felt in sympathy, perhaps because Louise had been so fond of her, persistently intervened, and refused to be thrust away. His own present intolerable anguish made him, against his will, retrospectively understand Gerda's long-drawn-out agony. He remembered, with new, sharp-edged concern and pity, her quiet endurance of those times of ignoble poverty brought about by Hinton's fits of idleness; he realized for the first time what must have meant, in anguish of body and mind, the woman's perpetual child-bearing, and the deaths of two of her children, followed by her own within a fortnight of her last baby's birth.

Then, with sudden irritation, he asked himself why he, Philip Dering, should waste his short time for thought in sorrowing over this poor dead woman? And, in swift answer, there came to him the knowledge why this sad drab ghost had thus thrust herself upon him to-night—

A feeling of furious anger, of revolt against the very existence of Jack Hinton, swept over him. So base, so treacherous, so selfish a creature fulfilled no useful purpose in the universe. Men hung murderers; and was Hinton,

who had done his wife to death with refinement of cruelty, to go free—free to murder, in the same slow way, another woman, and one who actually belonged to Dering's own self?

He now recognized, with bewilderment, that had Louise become his legal wife ten years ago, the thought of what she proposed to do would never have even crossed her mind.

The conviction that Hinton was not fit to live, soon formed itself into a stable background to all Dering's subsequent thoughts, to his short hesitations, and to his final determination.

After a while he looked at his watch, and found, with some surprise, that he had been walking up and down for over an hour; he also became aware, for the first time, that his bare, hatless head provoked now and again good-natured comment from those among whom he was walking. He turned into a side street, and taking from his pocket a small notebook, wrote the few lines which later played an important part in determining, to the satisfaction of his friends, the fact that he was, when writing them, most probably of unsound mind.

What Dering wrote down in his pocket-book ran as follows:—

1. I buy a hat at Dunn's, if Dunn be still open (which is probable).
2. I call on the doctor who was so kind to the Hintons last year and settle his account. It is doubtful if Hinton ever paid him—in fact there can be no doubt that Hinton did *not* pay him. I there make my will and inform the doctor that he will certainly be wanted shortly at Number 8, Lady Rich Road.
3. I buy that revolver (if guaranteed in perfect working order) which I have so frequently noticed in the pawnbroker's window, and I give him five shillings for showing me how to manage it. Mem. Remember to make him load it, so that there may be no mistake.
4. I wire to Wingfield. This is important. It may save Louise a shock.

5. I go to Hinton's place, and if the children are already in bed I lock the door, and quietly kill him and then kill myself. If the children are still up, I must, of course, wait awhile. In any case the business will be well over before the doctor can arrive.

Dering shut the notebook with a sigh of relief. The way now seemed clear before him, for he had put down exactly what he meant to do, and in case of doubt or forgetfulness he need only glance at his notes to be set again in the right way.

He spent a few moments considering whether it was his duty to write a letter to his employers. Finally he decided that there was no need to do so. They knew of his legacy; they were aware that he was leaving them; and, everything, even now, was in perfect order for his successor.

As he walked slowly along the unlovely narrow streets which run parallel to the Bath Road, his emotional memory brought his wife vividly before him. He began wondering painfully if she would ever understand, if she would ever realize from what he had saved her by that which he was about to do. His knowledge of her character made him feel sure—and there was infinite comfort in the thought—that she would remain silent, that she would never yield to any foolish impulse to tell Wingfield the truth. It was good to feel so sure that his old friend would never know of his failure, of his great and desolate humiliation.

Dering spent the next hour exactly as he had planned; in fact, at no point of the programme did his good fortune desert him. Thus, even the doctor, a man called Johnstone, who might so easily have been out, was at home; and, though actually giving a little stag party, he good-naturedly consented to leave his guests for a few moments, in spite of the fact that the stranger

waiting in the surgery had refused to state his business.

"My name is Dering. I think you must have often met my wife when you were attending the late Mrs. Hinton. In fact I've come to-night to settle the Hintons' account. I fancy it is still owing?"

Dering spoke with abrupt energy, looking straight, and almost with a frown, as he spoke, into the other's kindly florid face. It seemed strange, at that moment intolerably hard, that this man, who looked so much less alive, so much less intellectually keen than himself, should be destined to find him within a few hours lying dead, obliterated into nothingness.

"Oh, yes, the account is still owing." Dr. Johnstone spoke with a certain eagerness. "Then do I understand that you are acting for Mr. Hinton in the matter? The amount is exactly ten pounds—" He paused awkwardly, and not till the two banknotes were actually lying on his surgery table before him did he believe in his good fortune. The Hintons' account had long since passed into that class of doctor's bill which is only kept on the books with a view to the ultimate sale of the practice, and this last quarter the young man had not even troubled to send it in again.

Johnstone remembered poor Mrs. Hinton's friend very well; Mrs. Dering had been splendid, perfectly splendid, as nurse and comforter to the distracted household. And then such a pretty woman, too, the very type—quiet, sensible, self-contained, and yet feminine—whom Dr. Johnstone admired; he was always pleased when he met her walking about the neighborhood.

This, then, was her husband? The doctor stared across at Dering with some curiosity. Well, he also, though, of course, in quite another way, was uncommon and attractive-looking.

What was it he had heard about these people quite lately, in fact that very day? Why, of course! One of his old lady patients in Bedford Park had told him that her opposite neighbors, this Mr. and Mrs. Dering, had come into a large fortune—something like fifty thousand pounds!

Dr. Johnstone looked at his visitor with a sudden accession of respect. If he could have foreseen this interview, he might have made his account with Mr. Hinton bear rather more relation to the actual number of visits he had been compelled to pay to that unfortunate household. Still, he reminded himself that even ten pounds were very welcome just now, and his heart warmed to Mr. Hinton's generous friend.

Suddenly Dering began speaking: "I forget if I told you that I am starting this very night for a long journey, and before doing so I want to ask you to do me a favor—"

His host became all pleased attention.

"Would you kindly witness my will? I have just come into a sum of money, and—and, though my will is actually being drawn up by a friend, who is also a lawyer, I have felt uneasy—"

"I quite understand. You have thought it wise to make a provisional will? Well, that's a very sensible thing to do! We medical men see much trouble caused by foolish postponement in such matters. Some men seem to think that making a will is tantamount to signing their own death warrant?"

But no answering smile brightened Dering's fiercely set face: he did not seem to have heard what the doctor had said. "If I might ask you for a sheet of notepaper. I see a pen and blotting-pad over there—"

A sudden, instinctive misgiving crossed the other's mind. "This is rather informal, isn't it? Of course, I have no call to interfere, Mr. Dering;

but if a large sum is involved might it not be better to wait?"

Dering looked up. For the first time he smiled. "I don't wish to make any mystery about it, Dr. Johnstone. I am leaving everything to my wife, and after her to sundry young people in whom we are both interested. If I die intestate, I understand that distant relatives of my own—people whom I don't like, and who have never done anything for me—are bound to benefit." Even as he spoke he was busy writing the words, "To Louise Larsen (commonly known as Mrs. Phillip Dering), of 9 Lady Rich Road, Bedford Park, and after her death to be divided equally between the children of my esteemed friend, James Wingfield, solicitor, of 24 Abingdon Street, Westminster, and the children of the late Mrs. John Hinton, of 8 Lady Rich Road, Bedford Park."

Short as was Dering's will, the last portion of it was written on the inner sheet of the piece of notepaper bearing the doctor's address, and the two witnesses, Johnstone himself, and a friend whom he fetched out of his smoking-room for the purpose, could not help seeing what generous provision the testator had made for the younger generation.

As the doctor opened the front door for him, as he hoped, new friend, Dering suddenly pulled a notebook out of his breast pocket—"I have forgotten a most important thing—" there was real dismay in his fresh, still youthful voice—"and that is to ask you kindly to look round at No. 8 Lady Rich Road after your friends have left you tonight. I should think about twelve o'clock would do very well. In fact, Hinton won't be ready for you before. And, Dr. Johnstone—in view of the trouble to which you may be put—" Dering thrust another bank-note into the other man's hand. "I know you ought to have charged a lot more than

that ten pounds—" and then, before words of thanks could be uttered, he had turned and gone down the steps, along the little path, through the iron gate which swung under the red lamp, into the darkness beyond.

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Down the broad and now solitary Bath Road, filled with the strange brooding stillness of a spring dawn, clattered discordantly a hansom cab.

There was promise of a bright warm day, such a day as yesterday had been, but Wingfield, leaning forward, unconsciously willing the horse to go faster, felt very cold. At last, not for the first time during this interminable journey, he took from his breast pocket the unsigned telegram which was the cause of his being here, driving, oh! how slowly, along this fantastically empty thoroughfare, through the chill morning air, instead of lying sound asleep by Kate's side in his comfortable bed at home. "*Philip Dering is dead; please come at once at once at once to eight Lady Rich Road.*" Wingfield, steadying the slip of paper as it fluttered in his hand, looked down with frowning, puzzled eyes at the pencilled words.

The message had been sent off just before midnight, and had reached his house, he supposed, an hour and a half later, for the persistent knocking at his front door had gone on for some time before he or his wife realized that the loud hammering sound concerned themselves. Even then it had been Kate who had at last roused herself and gone downstairs; Kate who had rushed up breathless, whispering as she thrust the orange envelope into his hand: "Oh, James, what can it be? Thank God, all the children are safe at home!"

No time had been lost. While he was dressing, his wife had made him a cup of tea, kind and solicitous of his comfort, but driving him nearly distracted

by her eager, excited talk and aimless conjectures. It had seemed long before he found a derelict cab willing to drive him from Regent's Terrace to Bedford Park, but now—well, thank God, he was at last nearing the place where he would learn what had befallen the man who had been, next to his own elder boy, the creature he had loved best in his calm, phlegmatic life.

Wingfield went on staring down at the mysterious and yet explicit message, of which the wording seemed to him so odd—in some ways recalling Dering's familiar trick of reiteration. Then suddenly he thought of Hinton, the artist for whom both he and his friend had had reason to feel so deep if wordless a contempt, and yet whom they had both tried, over and over again, to help and set on his feet.

With a sudden revulsion of feeling, the lawyer folded up the telegram and put it back into his breast pocket—this mysterious, unsigned request for his immediate presence had obviously been despatched by Hinton, who might just as well have waited for the morning! How stupid of him not to have realized this at once, the more so that No. 8 Lady Rich Road was Hinton's address, not that of Dering. Quickly he raised his hand to the trap-door above his head; "Pull up at Number eight, not as I told you, at Number nine. Lady Rich Road," he shouted.

The radiance of an early spring morning, so kind to everything in nature, is pitiless to that which owes its being to the ingenuity and industry of human hands. Dr. Johnstone, standing opposite a police inspector in what had been poor Mrs. Hinton's cherished, if untidy and shabby, little sitting-room, felt his wretchedness and shame—for he felt very deeply ashamed—perceptibly increased by the dust-laden sunbeams dancing slantwise about him.

The inspector was really sorry for him, though a little contemptuous perhaps of a medical man capable of showing such emotion and horror in the face of death. "Why, doctor, you mustn't take on so! How could you possibly have told what was in the man's mind? You weren't upset like this last year over that business in Angle Alley, and that was a sight worse than this, eh?"

But Johnstone had turned away, and was staring out of the bow window. "It isn't that poor wretch Hinton that's upset me," he muttered, "I don't mind death. It's—it's—Dering—Dering and Mrs. Dering." Reluctant tears filled his tired, red-rimmed eyes.

"I'm sorry, too. Very sorry for the lady, that is; as for the other—well, I'm pretty sure he'll cheat Broadmoor, and that without much delay, eh, doctor? Hullo! who's this coming now?" The tone suddenly changed, became at once official and alert in quality, as the sound of wheels stopped opposite the little gate. When the front door bell pealed through the house he added, "You go to the door, doctor; whoever it is had better not see me at first." And Johnstone found himself suddenly pushed out of the room and into the little hall.

There he hesitated for a moment, looking furtively round at the half-open door which led into the back room fitted up as a studio, where still lay, in dreadful juxtaposition, the dead and the dying, Hinton and his murderer, alone, save for the indifferent watchful presence of a trained nurse.

From the kitchen beyond came the sound of eager, lowered voices, those of the two young servants who had of late coped with the difficulties of the Hinton household, and whose scanty wages had been paid, so Johnstone had learned in the last hour, by Mrs. Dering herself.

Another impatient peal of sound

echoed through the house, and the doctor, walking slowly forward, opened the front door.

"Can I see Mr. Hinton? Or is he next door? I have driven down from town in response to this telegram. I was Mr. Philip Dering's oldest friend and solicitor—"

"Then—then it was *you* who were making his will?"

The question struck Wingfield as unseemly. How had this young man, whom he took to be one of Hinton's dissipated friends, learnt even this one fact concerning poor Dering's affairs? "Yes," he said shortly, as he walked through into the hall, "that was the case. But, of course—well, perhaps, you will kindly inform me where I can see Mr. Hinton?" he repeated impatiently. "I suppose he is with Mrs. Dering, at No. 9?" and the other noticed that he left the door open behind him, evidently intending to leave Hinton's house as soon as he had obtained a reply to his question.

For a moment the two men looked at one another in exasperated silence. Then, very suddenly, Johnstone did that of which he was afterwards sorry and self-reproachful. But his nerve was completely gone; for hours he had been engaged in what had proved both a terrible and a futile task, that of attempting to relieve the physical agony of a man for whose state he partly held himself to be responsible. He wished to avoid, at any rate for the present, the repetition to this stranger of what had happened the night before, and so, "Please come this way," he muttered hoarsely. "I ought perhaps to warn you—to prepare you for something of a shock." And, turning round, beckoning to the other to follow him, he opened the door of the studio, stepping aside to allow Wingfield to pass in before him. But once through the doorway the lawyer suddenly recoiled and stopped short, so

dreadful and so unexpected was the sight which then met his eyes.

What Wingfield saw remained with him for weeks, and even for months, an ever-present, torturing vision, full of mingled horror and mystery, a mystery to which he was destined never to find the solution.

Focussed against a blurred background made up of distempered light green walls, a curtainless open window, and various plain deal studio properties pushed back against the wall, lay, stretched out on some kind of low couch brought forward into the middle of the room, a rigid, motionless figure. The lower half of the figure, including the feet, which rested on a chair placed at the bottom of the couch, was entirely covered by a blanket; but the chest and head, slightly raised by pillows, seemed swathed and bound up in broad strips of white linen, which concealed chin and forehead, hair and ears, while the head was oddly supported by a broad band or sling fastened with safety-pins—Wingfield's eyes took note of every detail—to the side of the couch. Under the blanket, which was stretched tightly across the man's breast, could be seen the feeble twitching of fingers, but, even so, the only sense of life and feeling seemed to the onlooker centred in the eyes, whose glance Wingfield found himself fearing yet longing to meet.

To the right of the couch a large Japanese screen had been so placed as to hide some object spread out on the floor. To the left, watching every movement of the still, recumbent figure, stood a powerful-looking woman in nursing dress. Wingfield's gaze, after wandering round the large, bare room, returned and again clung to the sinister, immobile form which he longed to be told was that of Hinton, and as he gazed he forced himself to feel a fierce gladness and relief in the

knowledge that Dering was dead,—that in his pocket lay the telegram which proved it.

At last, to gain courage and to stifle a horrible doubt, he compelled himself to meet those at once indifferent and appealing eyes, which seemed to stare fixedly beyond the group of men by the door; and suddenly the lawyer became aware that just behind him hurried whispered words were being uttered.

"This gentleman is Mr. Dering's solicitor; perhaps he will be able to throw some light on the whole affair," and he felt himself being plucked by the sleeve and gently pulled back into the hall.

"It is—isn't it?—poor Hinton?" and he looked imploringly from one man to the other.

"Hinton?" said the doctor sharply. "He's there, sure enough—but you didn't see him, for we put him under a sheet, behind that screen. Your friend shot him dead first, and then cut his own throat, but he didn't set about that in quite the right way, so he's alive still, as you can see."

Wingfield drew a long breath of something like relief. The torturing suspense of the last few moments was at an end. "And where is Mrs. Dering?" he spoke in a quiet, mechanical voice; and Johnstone felt angered by his callousness.

"We've just sent her back into the next house," he answered curtly, "and made her take the Hinton children with her. For—well, it often is so in such cases, you know—the presence of his wife seems positively to distress Mr. Dering; besides, the nurse and I can do, and have done, all that is possible."

"And have you no clue to what has happened? Has Dering been able to give no explanation of this—this—horrible business?"

Johnstone shook his head. "Of course he can't speak. He will never speak again. He wrote a few words to his

wife, but they amount to nothing save regret that he had bungled the last half of the affair."

"And what do you yourself think?" Wingfield spoke calmly and authoritatively. He had suddenly become aware, during the last few moments, that he was speaking to a medical man.

"I haven't had time to think much about it"; the tone was rough and sore. "Mr. Dering seems to have come into a large sum of money, and such things have been known to upset men's brains before now."

The Fortnightly Review.

"Still, he might write something of consequence now that this gentleman has come," interposed the inspector.

But when Wingfield, standing by that which he now knew was indeed his friend, watched the painful, labored moving of the pencil across the slate which had been hurriedly fetched some two hours before from the young Hinton's nursery, all he saw, traced again and again, were the words: "Look after Louise. Look after Louise . . ." and then at last: "I mean to die. I mean to die. I mean to die."

Marie Belloc Lowndes.

THE INCUBUS.

Essence of boredom! stupefying Theme!

Whereon, with eloquence less deep than full,

Still maundering on in slow continuous stream

All can expatiate, and all be dull:

Bane of the mind and topic of debate

That drugs the reader to a restless doze,

Thou that with soul-annihilating weight

Crushest the Bard, and hypnotisest those

Who plod the placid path of plain pedestrian Prose:

Lo! when each morn I carefully peruse

(Seeking some subject for my painful pen)

The *Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News*,

No other topic floats into my ken

Save this alone: here Dr. Clifford states

Dogmas in general: here the dreadful ban

Of furious Bishops excommunicates

Such simple creeds as Birrell, trustful man!

Hopes may perhaps appease th' unwilling Anglican.

Lo! at society's convivial board

(Whereat I do occasionally sit,

In hope to bear within my memory stored

Some echo thence of some one else's wit),

Or e'er the soup hath yielded to the fish,

A heavy dulness doth the banquet freeze:

Lucullus' self would shun th' untasted dish
 When lovely Woman whispers, "Tell me, please,
 What *are* Denominational Facilities?"

From scenes like these my Muse would fain withdraw:
 To Taff's still Valley be my footsteps led,
 Where happy Unions 'neath the shield of Law
 Heave bricks bisected at the Blackleg's head:
 In those calm shades my desultory oat
 Of Taxed Land Values shall contented trill,
 Or Man ennobled by a Single Vote:—
 In short, I'll sing of anything you will,
 Except of thee alone, O Education Bill!

The Cornhill Magazine.

A. D. Godley.

BEAUJEU.

CHAPTER XXIV.

M. DE BEAUJEU LEAVES BY THE WINDOW.

M. de Beaujeu was honorably received by my lady and my lord Sunderland with an impressive display of agitation. My lord's face was livid. He palpitated. My lady flushed, and wide-eyed met Beaujeu at the door, and pushing it to in the negro's face: "You?" she cried. "You, and did you not get my note?"

"*Pardieu*, yes," Beaujeu admitted, smiling. "'Hide or fly.' *Bien*, I have flown—to you."

"You are mad," muttered Sunderland. "On the contrary, I am most admirably sane," says Beaujeu, and sat down between the agitated pair.

"Have you forgot Sherborne?" cried my lady.

"I remember him in my prayers."

"He has had you spied upon——"

"I am aware of it," says Beaujeu blandly.

"Lud, have you a devil?" cried my lady aghast.

"My lady, I am a bachelor."

"Oh, will you play the fool now?" cried my lady. "I tell you he has

spied on you—he has found out your secret meetings with Wharton and the Whigs——"

"Not with the Sunderlands I do trust?" Beaujeu inquired, with an air of great anxiety.

My lady frowned. "He brought the news to my lord here first—my lord promised to carry it to the King——"

"Can I ever repay?" Beaujeu murmured.

"To-day Sherborne charged my lord that the King had not been told——"

"Ah, heartless! Ah, cruel Sherborne!"

"Ay, fool it to the end!" my lady snapped. "Well, the end is that my lord Sherborne is with the King at this hour. So the devil help you now!"

"You refer," says Beaujeu blandly, "to my lord?"

"Fool, will you go?" snarled Sunderland.

Beaujeu leant back in his chair. "I applaud the comfort of your furniture," says he.

"Will you be so mad?" cried my lady. "How can we save you when the King himself acts?"

"I have wondered myself how you will do it," Beaujeu, smiling, confessed.

"Fool! fool!" my lord Sunderland's

voice rose high. "If you are taken here it is death to us all."

"And if I were taken elsewhere, death only to me. You perceive clearly why I am here."

"Why could you not fly?" cried my lady.

"It did not fall with my plans."

"And where are your plans if you are taken here?"

"I have not inquired. For, you see, I shall not be taken here." My lady drew away from him. Her cheeks grew paler, but brighter yet shone her gray eyes, and her quick breath came slower. My lord's fingers clasped and unclasped. He looked all ways. "Pray appreciate the situation," says Beaujeu, in his passionless voice. "'Tis fixed now the Prince of Orange will come. I despatched the last invitation before I came here. In two months your King James will be in exile. Where you will be, my lord, depends quite entirely upon where I am. For, my lord, if I am taken now there will be found in my breast a letter from the Prince of Orange to my lord Sunderland—"

"You brought that here?" screamed Sunderland. "Fool! fool! fool!" and he wrung his hands.

"I see that you do appreciate the situation. *Bien*, if I am taken, my lord Sunderland is hanged. If I am saved, I have the honor to save my lord Sunderland." He paused to laugh. "Believe me, I anticipate salvation."

My lord could only wring his hands and mutter: "But what can I do? Tell me that! What can I do?" and Beaujeu smiled upon him. But my lady had drawn away and stood very still by the mantel. Her white arm lay along it, and she gazed down at Beaujeu and her eyes sparkled. Then the door opened a little, the scared head of a waiting-maid appeared.

"My lady, my lady, the King!"

"The King?" my lord gasped.

"He is crossing the court!"

Beaujeu threw back his head and laughed. "'Tis a situation full worthy your wits, my lord."

But my lord had fallen into a chair and gasped and stared wildly round. He spake, but was not articulate.

Then: "Save you?" cried my lady.

"Ay! I'll save you. But I'll shame your very soul!" Beaujeu stopped laughing. My lady sprang, a whirl of drapery, across the room: "Nanette! Take a coach—drive madly—" the rest was a murmur in Nanette's ear, who vanished. Then my lady whirled round on her lord, and whispered fast in his ear. My lord put up his head: his pale lips curled back from his teeth, and he looked for one instant straight at Beaujeu. Then nodded to his wife and looked down into his breast. My lady stood up bright-eyed, smiling.

"'Tis vastly impressive indeed," says Beaujeu coolly.

My lady gave a curious laugh. "It will be more so," says she. "Lud, I never knew a man my master yet."

There were footsteps in the corridor, and, "M. Lucifer, come!" cried my lady, and caught Beaujeu's hand and drew him after her through one door while the footman knocked at the other. M. de Beaujeu found himself in darkness perfumed with roses. He was gently compelled to a seat, then saw my lady's white arms moving against the wall. The faintest creak of a panel, and he heard with great clearness the usher announce his Majesty.

Beaujeu turned to my lady's dim presence. "My compliments," says he, and laughed.

My lady's hand fell swiftly on his lips, and she murmured in his ear, "*Bête, bête.*"

My lord Sunderland was discovered by his Majesty reading the *Imitatio Christi*. His Majesty indeed was twice announced before the sound

pierced my lord's devout thoughts. Then he started up, his lean face all a smile, and "Pardon," he said, "pardon," bowing with the book in his hand. "I am oft lost in this good gift of your Majesty."

Majesty scowled at Thomas à Kempis from the doorway. Majesty's big mouth was drawn downward, and his lean sallow face even uglier than it need be, "I have to complain of you, my lord," says he, in a high peevish voice.

"At least not before lackeys and my lord Sherborne, sir?" Sunderland inquired blandly, and bestowed a small bow on Sherborne in the background.

"Before whom I will, my lord," cried his Majesty.

Sunderland bowed his head: "I am your Majesty's man—to shame if you will so," he said meekly.

"I tell you that my lord Sherborne must be here," said the King, with the voice of an angry child. My lord Sunderland bowed and set two chairs. His Majesty sat down, my lord Sherborne on a nod from him also sat down, and the pair of them glowered at my lord Sunderland, who remained meekly standing. "Sit, my lord!" the King cried.

"In my lord Sherborne's presence? Oh, sir, 'tis honor indeed!" Sunderland murmured, and sat on the edge of a chair.

"What does that mean, my lord? My lord Sherborne is my friend."

"Your Majesty is more fortunate than I," says Sunderland, bowing.

"And why is he your enemy? Because, my lord, you—"

"— would not assist him in his amours, by your leave, sir," Sunderland said quickly, and Sherborne flushed.

"What?" Majesty twisted round upon Sherborne. "You did not tell me that, my lord, you did not tell me that," he said querulously.

"Because it is a curst lie, sir," cried Sherborne.

The King's sallow face darkened: "You forget our presence, my lord," said he.

"Then pardon, sir. I will say it is one of my lord Sunderland's truths."

"Oh, my dear lord," says Sunderland, shaking his head more in sorrow than in anger, "oh, my dear lord, what a bad memory you have!"

"Have I that, my lord? Zounds—"

Majesty was again shocked: "My lord Sherborne?" he cried.

"Oh, sir, I must speak my own way or not at all. I say, my lord Sunderland, I remember, at least, that I told you of a traitor and his treason—and you did nought, nor even warned the King."

Majesty nodded to the words. "Nor even warned us," he repeated shrilly, "nor even warned us. 'Tis of that I complain."

My lord Sunderland appeared to struggle with mirth. "Indeed, sir. I did not desire to aid my lord Sherborne to make your Majesty ludicrous."

Majesty started up flushing. "Ludicrous, my lord, ludicrous?" he cried.

"Why, sir, if you declare it treason to make love to my lord Sherborne's mistress, is there another word?"

"Do you tell me I am ludicrous?" cried his Majesty.

"Nay, indeed, sir. But that my lord Sherborne would have you be."

Majesty sat down to think it over. "I shall not deny," says Sherborne glaring at Sunderland, "that the fellow Beaujeu is my private enemy."

"As your rival for the possession of Mistress Charlbury—why, now we have it," says Sunderland, smiling.

"But you did not tell me that, my lord Sherborne?" cried the King, angrily.

"My lord has so bad a memory," Sunderland murmured.

"I think, sir, a man may be my en-

emy and a traitor none the less," said Sherborne bluntly.

"It is so," says Majesty, nodding wisely; "it is so."

"And I say, that whether he be my rival for a woman or not, 'tis still no excuse for him to be hand and glove with Wharton and all the snarling Whigs in England."

Majesty nodded again, and Sunderland cried, "Oh, faith, I've no love for the gentleman's choice of friends, but I should be a butt for the town if I arrested a fellow for dining with Wharton."

"You would, my lord, you would," Majesty again agreed, and looked from one to the other and rubbed his forehead.

"I told you, my lord, and I tell you again," cried Sherborne, "there is more than dining here. I doubt the fellow's name is not his own. I doubt he is no Frenchman at all—"

"My dear lord," says Sunderland blandly, "you may doubt he is the devil. But 'tis in no sort evidence against him." Again Majesty nodded.

"Well, my lord, and did I tell you that on Wednesday se'nnight—" my lord Sunderland's footman entered, and Sunderland with a bow to the King beckoned him nearer, and the footman spake to my lord's ear and withdrew. "Did I tell you that on Wednesday se'nnight, and again on Friday, the fellow Beaujeu met Wharton and Russell and Lumley at Wharton's house after midnight, and that after that second meeting Lumley rode away post to the country? Did I tell you that? Is that evidence?"

"Why certainly you told me," says Sunderland smiling.

"Well, my lord, well! And is that not cause enough to lay the knave by the heels?" cried Sherborne: and turned to his Majesty. "Sure, sir, for your own sake you will make the rogue give account of his practices?"

Majesty nodded. "I am obliged to you, my lord." And twisted round on Sunderland. "And you, my lord Sunderland, I complain of you," he cried. "Make me a warrant for the knave speedily. I am displeased that you did nought in the matter."

Sunderland put up his hand. "Nay, by your leave, sir. I have done something," says he smiling. "I feared that my lord Sherborne would dare to deceive your Majesty thus—"

"Deceive, my lord?" Majesty's voice was uplifted.

"Zounds, my lord Sunderland!" Sherborne roared, springing up, flushed.

"By God! do—"

"Silence, my lord!" cried austere Majesty.

"And so," Sunderland continued quietly, "I have summoned Mistress Charlbury—who also may have some evidence concerning M. de Beaujeu."

Sherborne grew pale. He looked askance at Sunderland. And on the other side the curtain my lady Sunderland had come very close to Beaujeu and put her hand on his shoulder. It was stiff and still. "Sir," says Sherborne in a low voice turning to the King, "I will swear that of any treason Mistress Charlbury is guiltless. I will put my life on that."

"La, his chivalry!" my lady murmured in Beaujeu's ear.

"Her story is then quite beyond suspicion—you confess it, my dear lord," says Sunderland smiling, and lifted the bell.

"Enters Della," my lady whispered: and felt monsieur move under her hand, and smiled in the dark.

Rose came with her easy grace, and stood a moment a tall white statue, then curtsied to the ground before his Majesty. Majesty, who appeared vastly puzzled, nodded without dignity. My lord Sherborne set her a chair, but she scarce bent her head to thank him, and stood with her hands

clasped before her, fronting them all.

"I shall be plain with you, Mistress Charlbury," says Sunderland (my lady tittered genteelly), "you are summoned to tell his Majesty what you know concerning a M. de Beaujeu, who is accused of treason by—" he paused.

"My lord Sherborne, doubtless, my lord," cried Rose.

"How! You knew it?" cried Majesty, and Sunderland smiled.

"I knew, your Majesty, that my lord Sherborne would accuse M. de Beaujeu of anything."

"And why, ma'am?"

"Because my lord is jealous of monsieur, sir," Majesty nodded wisely.

"And who is this M. de Beaujeu?" said Sunderland.

"A Huguenot gentleman from Auvergne."

"Huguenot? Huguenot?" cried Majesty angrily.

Sunderland turned to him laughing: "Indeed, sir, between a Huguenot and a heretic," the renegade indicated Sherborne, "the lady is ill bested." So Majesty looked gloomily at Sherborne.

"Ay, ay," sighed Majesty, "my lord, I must speak with you on these matters. I will commend you to Father Petre." But Sherborne only scowled at Sunderland.

"I am no renegade, sir," he growled.

Sunderland appeared horrified. "My lord Sherborne! Do you dare this?" cried Majesty, dark with wrath.

"Your Majesty perceives the depth of my lord Sherborne's loyalty," murmured Sunderland.

"I do, I do!" said Majesty nodding.

"Sir—" cried Sherborne.

"Enough, my lord!" Majesty turned his back, and was going. Then, "Nay, but the other was heretic, too," he muttered, and stayed to rub his puzzled brow, while Sunderland watched with narrow eyes. At last he put his hand on Sunderland's trusty shoulder. "Come, Sunderland, bring me the truth

out," says he wearily. My lady again tittered. There was the pause of a moment while Sunderland sucked in his breath. Then, "Mistress Charlbury, have you ever supposed," Sunderland put his finger-tips together and looked at them, "that M. de Beaujeu might be other than he declares himself?"

"I, my lord? No, indeed!"

"Oh, Delila, Delila!" my lady sighed in monsieur's ear.

"Ah. Never thought that he might be concerned in plots against his Majesty?"

Rose seemed amazed. Then she laughed. "M. de Beaujeu, my lord? Oh, if you knew him! 'Tis a gentleman concerned only with his pleasures and himself!"

"Neatly true, faith," my lady murmured.

"It appears you know him well?" said my lord sharply.

Rose blushed: "I have cause," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, has he wronged you?" the King asked curiously.

"I make no complaint of him, your Majesty."

"Then if you know him well," cried Sunderland, "how do you dare say he is not intent on treason?"

"'Tis because I do know him well that I say it, my lord."

"What?" Sunderland drew down his narrow brows. "When my lord Sherborne tells us that he spent Wednesday se'nnight and Friday till the small hours plotting with Whigs?"

"It cannot be," Rose murmured: and Sherborne laughed.

"Nay, we have it on my lord Sherborne's word. Do you answer that, Mistress Charlbury?"

The three men stared at her, and she at the ground a moment: then a blush rose swift from her bosom. "I know well why my lord Sherborne should say it," she said. Then looked up defiant: "I know well, my lord!"

"So, ma'am so. Why?" says Majesty, much interested.

"On those nights M. de Beaujeu was with me." Her voice was clear, and she met Majesty's eyes, but her cheeks flamed.

"A lie!" roared Sherborne, starting up.

"Your Majesty!" says Sunderland hastily. "Your Majesty!" in polite horror.

"Another such word, my lord Sherborne," cried Majesty, rising, too, "and you leave the Court for ever. Back, my lord. Silence, my lord. Know your place." He was shrill and dignified. Then he turned, frowning on Rose. Majesty was stern to the peccadilloes of subjects: "You are his mistress, woman?" he cried. The girl's bosom heaved, and she made no answer.

"Delila—to the last, Delila!" whispered my lady, but monsieur started away from her.

A casement creaked. M. de Beaujeu had left by the window.

CHAPTER XXV.

M. DE BEAUJEU COMES IN BY THE DOOR.

Majesty was frowning. My lord Sunderland was laughing. "Sure, now," says he, "now we perceive my lord Sherborne's notion of treason. 'Tis to make love to Mistress Charlbury."

"The girl lies for the sake of her lover, my lord," cried Sherborne. "I can bring my fellows that spied on Beaujeu to swear it."

"My dear lord," says Sunderland smiling. "I will bring a hundred knaves to swear the Pope a heretic for a crown a piece."

But Majesty was frowning steadily at Rose: "You are in my displeasure, woman," he said peevishly. "'Tis wantonness such as yours that brings trouble on the land. The wrath of heaven is—"

But there was a scuffle at the door

and a cry: "*Corbleu*, but I will enter!" Rose was pale in an instant and started round. My lord Sunderland's lips curled back, and Sherborne flushed and clenched his hands, as M. de Beaujeu broke into the room—to check, to bow low before the frowning King, and to say "I pray pardon of your Majesty. One told me" (he talked indifferent English with difficulty) "one told me—my wife was called to Whitehall. I desire always to stand beside my wife"; and he moved to Rose and took her hand. The girl looked into his eyes. Her lips were white.

"Wife!" cried Majesty and Sherborne.

Beaujeu bowed and drew himself up, a stiff soldierly figure. But his hawk face was white as the girl's. "Wife!" he repeated.

"You did not tell me that, ma'am!" cried Majesty, frowning at her. Rose hung her head.

"I am ashamed," says Beaujeu. "I had desired it secret."

"It need not have been secret from the King," said Majesty.

"At least, I tell it first to your Majesty," says Beaujeu with a faint smile.

"Well, monsieur, well! I am not displeased. There is over-much evil-living," says Majesty graciously. "But let me warn you," his face darkened again, "I hear ill report of you. You are Huguenot. You are suspect of plotting against me."

"I, sir? I? And my wife," he held her hand still, "my wife—was she called here to speak for me?"

"Ay, monsieur!" cried Sherborne. "And now, without a girl to answer for you, tell us where you were on Wednesday se'nnight."

"With one of whom I am infinitely unworthy," says Beaujeu very quietly.

"Bah!" Sherborne flung round on his heel.

But Sunderland, touching the King's arm, whispered, "Your Majesty marks it—he and she tell one tale," as if that

were strange. And Majesty was impressed and nodded.

"I trust," says Beaujeu, looking at the King, "I trust I am as loyal to your Majesty as my lord Sunderland."

"You are Huguenot," said his Majesty dubiously; and then with some eagerness: "Pray, monsieur, have you ever thought seriously of these matters of faith? Let my lord Sunderland send you a priest!"

Beaujeu bowed at Sunderland and smiled: "Sir, I should be rejoiced to receive my lord Sunderland's confessor."

"Do so, monsieur, do so!" says Majesty smiling. And M. de Beaujeu and his wife with reverences departed.

"Does your Majesty complain of me still?" Sunderland asked meekly.

"No, my lord, no!" Majesty patted Sunderland's trusty shoulder.

"'Tis indeed my whole offence that I would not use your Majesty's power in aid of my lord Sherborne's amours," says Sunderland in the humility of rectitude.

"You serve me well, Sunderland," Majesty patted again, then turned with falling brow on Sherborne. "And you, my lord Sherborne, you are in my displeasure. Go. I shall not see you at Court for a year."

"Sir, will you believe a girl lying for her lover?" cried Sherborne.

"My dear Sherborne," says Sunderland blandly, "'twas yourself confessed that we might believe her."

"You are always right, Sunderland," said the King. "He did so." And then shrilly: "Will you go, my lord?"

"Sir," cried Sherborne desperately, falling on one knee, "for your own sake—"

"Am I to bid you twice?" cried the King.

Sherborne sprang up, dark cheeked with swollen eyes: "Some day, sir, you will know who have been your friends!" he cried and flung out.

"Insolent!" muttered Majesty.

"I trust that already your Majesty knows your friends," says Sunderland gently.

"I do, Sunderland, I do." The dark face of Majesty smiled. "Why, he would have had me help him to mortal sin. And made me ludicrous. I am always in your debt, my lord—"

"Nay, sir, nay. Do I not owe you more than any man can repay? Did you not teach me the Catholic Faith?" my lord Sunderland bent and kissed the King's hand—who smiled graciously, a sallow saint.

"Do not thank me, Sunderland," said Majesty devoutly. "What are we all—even I—but instruments? Do you know I felt myself drawn to this Beaujeu. He seems one with a desire for truth."

"I trust 'tis so." Sunderland turned up his eyes. "Does your Majesty desire I should see him again?"

"Do so, my lord, do so. Plant the seed. You have a kind heart, Sunderland. Well, it grows late"; the Horse Guards' clock was striking midnight. "I must leave you. At your devotions, as I found you?"

"I snatch moments from the world," said Sunderland bowing low, and Majesty smiled approval and went out.

At once my lady came through the curtains gay and laughing: "La, my lord, there is none your equal—in your own trade," she cried.

My lord gave her his chill smile: "I believe I satisfy his Majesty," says he.

My lady came to the couch and stretched herself upon it in luxurious, lazy grace: "Oh, 'twas infinite worthy," she said, and laughter rippled through her voice and shone in her eyes. "You were all vastly comical. I do not know when I have had so pleasant an hour." She paused to laugh again. "Faith, but I have had my tit for tat with Beaujeu at last."

Sunderland's dull eyes dwelt upon

her: "That girl loves him, my lady—and now he knows it."

"Lud, I profess he might," my lady tittered.

"I am sorry for that," says Sunderland, eyeing her still.

"Oh, get to your devotions!" cried my lady, and my lord went out with his chin on his breast. He feared he had been unselfish and was pained. My lady was left alone with her mirth.

M. de Beaujeu mounted into the coach after Rose and they jolted off into the dark. Nor the man nor the woman found aught to say. Beaujeu was thinking—thinking—thinking—and Rose could not think at all. Sitting beside her, very stiff, very cold, M. de Beaujeu had to live again in his glorious past.

Tolling through the ruts of the hills past St. Martin's, the coach stopped creaking by Rose's gate. Through the fragrance of the midnight dew Beaujeu led her in. The little green room was light with many candles. As she sank down to her chair with a sigh Beaujeu looked again to her eyes—dark, tear-laden now.

M. de Beaujeu fell on his knees and cast his arms about her and hid his face in her dress and groaned, "Rose, Rose."

"You do know? Ah, you do know now?" she cried all trembling.

Beaujeu lifted his head. "If I had not been very vile I had known always," he said slowly, and his keen eyes were dim.

Rose tried to smile: "I—I never thought you so," she murmured, and Beaujeu bit his lips, and his arms fell away from her. His throat was quivering. Rose saw it and laid her hand on his.

"I do not merit—to see you—to breathe your air," says Beaujeu with slow heavy stress, gazing at the fair white face. "Yet you—you forgive."

"I had never thought of that," said

Rose simply. "I—I only hoped—some day—you would know."

M. de Beaujeu's eyes fell as he flushed. On his knees before her with bowed head he tasted shame. At last the dull eyes were lifted again to hers. "No use in words," he said slowly. "I see at last," the thin lip curled, "what I am." Rose pressed his hand. He cast his arm about her again. "And yet—and yet"—he muttered hoarsely—then drawing her close: "dear heart, can you take the rest of my life?"

Rose let his hand go: she leant back in her chair away from him and looked long into the dull eyes. "You forget," she said very quietly. "'Tis not as of old"—and then as he winced—"No!" she cried, "I did not mean that! I did not say it to hurt you. But then you were but a boy—just the squire's son—"

"I would I were still!"

Rose turned upon him a strange intent glance: "Do you mean that?" she said slowly.

Beaujeu waited before he answered. "Ay, if it would undo what is done. But at least I can give you a worthier place."

Rose sat very still, unyielding to his arm. "You forget," she said again. "I am a common player—and you a great man in the state. I—"

"Great?" cried Beaujeu. "Great—beside you? Dear heart, 'tis I am unworthy—and you—you!" He threw his other arm about her and drew her down to him. But she put up her hands to stay him.

"No—no indeed!" she cried, and at once he let her go.

M. de Beaujeu rose to his feet and now his lips were white. "Forgive me again," he said. "I am too base."

"No," Rose murmured, "not that." She pressed her hand to her head. white amid the black curls. "Ah, not now. Do not ask me now. I cannot think." She looked up at him smiling

a little and he saw tears sparkling on her cheeks. "I am tired, you see, so tired."

Beaujeu bowed. "May I come on the morrow?"

She rested her head on her hand, the broad brow furrowed. "Give me a day," she said at last. "You may need think too."

"At noon then," said Beaujeu, and took her hand, but as he bent to kiss it, met her eyes. A moment he gazed and saw the dark gold of them glow: "Rose!" he cried, and caught her to him and kissed them. She yielded and lay still on his breast. Then very gently he laid her in her chair again. "Dear heart, God keep you," he said softly, and kissed her hand and went out.

The Monthly Review.

(To be continued.)

H. C. Bailey.

It was a lover and his lass—

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

Mr. Healy carolled gently as he came downstairs on the sound of the opening door. "Is it peace now, Jehu?" says he smiling.

"I have been saved by the devotion of Mistress Charlbury," said Beaujeu, and Healy had to look at him to be sure that he was not sneering. In the same passionless voice Beaujeu told tale. At the end of it he looked at his friend. Mr. Healy said nothing. Mr. Healy put a hand on his arm. "I have never thought a man so vile as myself," says Beaujeu, and passed on up stairs.

Mr. Healy looked after him and smiled a little. "Dear man!" says he to himself.

THE GREATEST GAME-BEAST IN EUROPE.

For weeks we lived upon our flat hill-top between the waterfall that roared in white thunder down the gorge and the highlands lifting eastwards towards the Swedish divide. Belted about the bulk of a distant mountain, which headed up our river valley, were black woods, and as well on every other side closed in hills and overtopping ridges rough with pine-trees, whose mass of darkness came upon one as a surprise. In Norway it was always a delight to climb to the high fjeld, and in the pauses of looking for ryper or black-game to dwell long upon the forests through whose sombre brakes the greatest game-beast of Europe—the elk—wanders at that season, and to speculate on what fortune the short shooting season might bring. Ryper were not very plentiful in the district; but our range of action was in any case considerably restricted by fear of alarming

the elk, as no shot was fired within two miles or so of good elk-ground,—for elk was, after all, the main objective of our journey almost to the Arctic circle. Though the shot-gun is always useful to fill in time in other countries, the farther you travel from Scotland with that weapon the worse, I think, you fare!

It has of late been the wise policy of the Norwegian Storting to cut down the length of the shooting season: from two months it has already shrunk to twenty-one days, a brief period which forces strong temptation upon the hunter to overdo exertion, to hunt not wisely but too well—in the sense of without rest or remission. Should the three weeks ever be curtailed to two, it would, I imagine, be a mistaken policy, as not many British sportsmen will pay a license and a heavy rent for a fortnight's shooting; indeed, individually, he grumbles a little, and more

than a little, even now, for it is safe to say that few tenants of elking-rights kill their "limit" in at any rate northern Norway.

For nearly a fortnight no event of note, save the taking of five salmon in a morning by our solitary English neighbor, had occurred in the small world of which we were temporary inhabitants. Some days we passed in examining our elk-rights, that included six farms, consisting almost entirely of miles of thick forest covering the lower hills and the towering heights behind them which shut in the river valley on either side. Our neighbors, with their dogs, would stroll up at odd hours or on Sundays, and sit about on the steps of the post-office and discuss the simple events which made their history: how a saeter lad had seen a bull-elk of eighteen spears; how a lynx had killed two sheep across the river; how the old hound, the particular and celebrated hound belonging to our landlord, grew more cunning with the passing years. Among these on a windy night came my hunter, Peder, with his dog, Bismarck. We held a limited conversation, which, however, exhausted his knowledge of English as well as mine of Norwegian.

The end of August and the opening of September slipped by, but as the great day, the 10th, approached, a new order of things was ushered in. Carioles arrived from the coast and passed on, a subdued sense of bustle stirred the air, tall silent men in Lapp boots and accompanied by the inevitable elk-hound stalked down from lonely dwellings in the hills to the skyd station—where our quarters, with one or two similar Noah's Ark houses scaled to human size, stood round an oblong of unkempt grass—to hear the news. For the Norwegian farmer has more than one reason to feel interest in the shooting of his "rights." Once or twice spasms of political forecast shook the

little group, but in the end the orbit of talk settled round the magic word "elg." On the eve of the opening day Peder reappeared, shy, inconceivably dignified, with a fresh-trimmed beard and his hunter's suit of home-spun supplemented by a new cap with ear-flaps. The first words he spoke after our hand-shake were, "Very elg Gartland," by which I understood him to mean that there were a number of elk to be found in the Gartland woods. Then, after a prolonged pause, he added, "Big bo-o-ol morgen," and this I took to be a prophecy of the good luck the morrow was to bring, especially when by way of illustration he placed his hands in turn on either side of his head with eight fingers outstretched, cheerfully indicative of a sixteen-speared bull.

We were afoot early on a misty morning with a promise of rain, which, however, did not fall. The weather to pray for, the weather proper to elk-hunting and most conducive to success, includes a gale of wind and torrential rain beating down through the tree-tops. For the noise of the storm as well as the soft condition underfoot tends to cover the hunter's approach from the large twitching ears of his quarry.

In these thick forests the travelling is almost invariably bad: moss, wind-fallen trees, often boulders, slippery surfaces of rock, and, worse than all, dry branches and decaying brush, make silent progress a matter of extreme difficulty. My lot during the best part of three weeks was bright weather with a hot sun, and towards the end frosty nights and crisp going.

Presently the river valley was left behind, and we began the laborious climb through the woods to reach the elk-ground, which, when undertaken daily, makes a quite noticeable addition to the call upon one's physical energy needed for the direct purpose of hunt-

ing. On the high ridges we usually found a strong wind blowing, whistling through the spreading thickets of dwarf birch and ruffling the surface of the many upland waters.

Who can describe the high fjeld at the close of its brief summer-time? Underfoot mosses make a carpet of pile a foot deep and of colors beyond imagination; reindeer moss throws its laces of red and white over hills and hollows, and everywhere within reach of your hand berries—brown, plum-blue, yellow, and scarlet. All the pure tones of the North are there, as you find them on a Newfoundland barren or on an inland ridge in Labrador. Moreover, here it is possible you may see the huge track of the bull-elk, or, if fortune is very generous, the great iron-gray body, the ever-moving ears, and shovel horns of *Alces machlis* himself.

The Norwegian elk passes the hotter part of summer on the open ground of the high fjeld, but stress of weather drives him to take shelter lower down among the trees. Yet, even then, when the sun shines, after a night of storm or of frost, he is apt to climb away from the fringes of the forest and to pass the day on the higher levels, lying in some marshy hollow, where he is occasionally seen by saeter girls, or sometimes by a farmhand carrying a pack through the upper woods.

On that first day we patrolled the sombre shadows and the breezy open, but no sign of elk did we see, and the evening closed upon the non-fulfilment of Peder's forecast. This went on for four days, during which Bismarck stalked ahead in his leash, for the most part with listless indifference, only once raising hopes by a more alert demeanor, which, however, ended in nothing more than a spike-bull already "skraemt" upon a distant hillside.

Half the charm of elk-hunting centres

in the elk-dog. Without his aid, except on the very high and open ground where spying with the glass is possible, few trophies would be obtained, and many farmsteads would lack the winter supply of salted meat. The ordinary elk-hound is nearly allied to the "husky," though, unlike his congener, he displays towards human beings a kindly nature. But, between themselves, these animals are very pugnacious; also when an elk is killed the tracking dog is unwilling to allow any one save his master to approach it. There are two kinds of elk-hound, one smaller than the other. . . . But let us drop generalities in favor of Bismarck, whose companionship gave me an immense amount of pleasure, and to whose aid I owe a great deal.

Early in our acquaintance a suspicion arose that the dog—who, as I was proudly told, was accountable for the deaths of sixteen elk—acted (in months other than September) the part of caper-hound; that is to say, he was accustomed to bay beneath trees on which capercaillie were perched until his owner arrived with a gun and slew them. But, for all that, he was a useful dog, with a fine nose. One of the interesting points about Bismarck showed itself gradually as the season advanced. A marked alteration took place in his character; day by day he went back towards savage nature and the wolf. At first an affectionate animal with a wagging tail and an eye to the main chance, towards the end of the three weeks he seemed to lose touch with humanity; he would even growl at his master, and he finished by attacking a farmer upon whose ground we killed an elk.

Undoubtedly the original strain was strong, and perhaps not so many generations have elapsed since the wolf-ancestors of Bismarck chased the elk in packs as his wolf-cousins do to-day when winter snows overlie the land,

though during summer they lurk in the mountains towards Sweden. How often had the forests through which we moved witnessed the tragedy of elk and wolf.

The wolf! Hero of legend above all his brothers of the wild! Famous and fabled in history! His very name calls up a vision of the lonely North, where the traveller across some snowy steppe leans out of his picturesque drosky—in our illustrated weeklies—to catch sight of the yet more picturesque pack of pursuant wolves, open-jawed, foam-flecked, graceful. One tries to forget the slinking, not always mangeless, creature of reality, in the ominous shape which lends its infinite touch of romance to Christmas and to storm!

But although we were not likely at that season to see a wolf, there was always just a shadowy chance of bear,—

Like a traveller unaware,
Who, walking through a wood,
Comes upon a grim old bear
Lying among bones and blood.

This is quoted from memory, but the lines ran often in my thoughts in Norway, for how has the hunter prayed and fasted that he might on some incredibly lucky day come aware or unaware upon a brown bear, and so add to his record—if fate permitted—the last, the very last (if we except the aurochs, the right of shooting which is vested in the Czar and one or two nobles, and can therefore scarcely be included in this general sense) of the dangerous big game of Europe?

In using the words "dangerous big game," I refer to each species taken collectively, for, although not ordinarily dangerous, the elk is, on occasion, said to attack, especially in the rutting season. Nearly every Norwegian hunter has a story to tell of an elk that with its tremendous fore-hoofs has torn open a man's body. A few

of these tales may be true, but it is certainly also true that a sportsman may follow elk for fifty seasons without coming across that traditional "slem elg."

On the fifth day of hunting, late in the afternoon, we had turned homewards through the forest, having failed to find fresh sign of elk, when suddenly, without warning, four great gray shapes sprang up among the bushes and bracken upon the left.

Peder sent me an excited whisper of "Vera bo-o-ol!" I ran forward, and made out the horns of a bull as he plunged through the underbrush. A glimpse of a black shadow, the rifle was cocked, and a mauser bullet went on its way. At the shot the bull turned a complete somersault, clean head over heels, like a gigantic rabbit, and lay still upon the farther side of a little patch of spruce-trees. I hurried on to get a clearer view, or rather a view at all,—for the elk was completely hidden,—but no sooner did I catch sight of him than, with a grunt and a crashing of sticks, the bull pulled himself to his feet and began to make off through the dense wood at the long slinging trot of his kind.

Meantime my rifle had jammed, but just as the cartridge was released the bull turned and crossed to my front some 120 yards away, giving a fair chance. Perhaps owing to the rigor of the run and the excitement of the moment, as well as the fear that the elk would vanish into the thick trees, I shot with more haste than skill, and without making due allowance for the nature of the ground, which fell away at a sharp angle: thus, to the best of my belief, the bullet passed over the elk without touching him. We followed his trail and discovered some blood spoor. Blismarck was beside himself with excitement, straining at his harness and yelping. Soon we got on some harder ground and lost five min-

utes, for Bismarck took us off on the trail of one of the "skraemt" cows.

From this we came back and picked up the bull's trail once more. It led away down hill; then the elk had turned at a sharp angle and begun again to ascend the mountain-side. Meanwhile the rain was slanting down on us from the sky and pouring in streams from the trees. As we ran on my thoughts were busy enough, but the burden of them all was the same. "Oh, why, why did I not take advantage of that second chance? . . . Shall we ever see him again? . . . What a fine head he carried! . . . I am a fool, I shall never get such a chance again!" The lost head is, as every sportsman knows, the best trophy a man could obtain!

As he neared the top of the hill the elk had evidently slowed down, unable to keep up the fierce pace of the start. So, too, alas, had we! Running up a Norsk mountain-side through the forest at top speed is a feat beyond even the natives of the valley, and in the present case very far beyond the power of the alien hunter. However, we followed as fast as was possible to us.

So complete and so sudden had been the downfall of the elk to the first shot that I jumped to the conclusion he would not travel very far. But ill-luck was with us, for the hound by some misfortune slipped his leash, and with astounding "woof-woofs," a bark at every spring, bounded away among the trees. We could hear him farther and farther in the distance baying the elk, but run as we would we never came up with him, and for myself, about seven o'clock that evening a very disconsolate and self-disgusted individual emerged from the wet woods upon the main road at a weary distance from home.

As to the bull, I have no doubt the first bullet touched his backbone, "creased" him, as the idiom is, and at the moment of writing he is wandering

none the worse for it in the woods. Our acquaintance did not last ninety seconds, though for three days Peder and I searched for him, and searched in vain.

After this, for many days—twelve, to be exact—we had nothing more encouraging than regrets for the lost bull to vary our thoughts, though once walking down a forest glade we saw the long Roman-nosed face of a cow-elk regarding us steadfastly at a little distance. Of course there was no shooting, and after taking stock of us she bolted, and the woods swallowed her up. Several times during those days we came close to elk, but always in thick forest, so that sometimes we could hear the great creatures feeding and moving, yet not once did we obtain a glimpse of them. These were generally still bright days, with wandering winds, such as are in their season very pleasant to all the world but the fishermen and the hunters, two deserving classes of the community often much ill-treated by the weather!

Elk-hunting was for the time a game of hide-and-seek played out in the vast labyrinth of the woods. On several occasions a very slight softening of the iron countenance of Fate would have given us all we needed, but the ill-luck held remorselessly, until even Peder spoke no more of "vera bo-o-ol," although he marched on untiringly over endless kilometres of wood and hill. We wore out our Norwegian boots in day-long tramps, and existed on hope, fladbrod, trout, an occasional bottle of beer, and, oh irony! the meat of a bull-elk, one of two which had been shot by G. G.-H. in a beautiful right-and-left higher up the valley!

Poor Peder! darkness came over his bright spirit, but only for short intervals. Evening by evening he would say, "Bismarck kill big bool morgen." But not the next nor many subsequent mornings brought us in sight of the big

bull of our dreams. And all the time the shooting season was drawing only too rapidly to its close, and if luck was to come to us at all it must come very soon.

On the seventeenth day of the season we determined to make a great effort upon the largest of my rights, the chief drawback to which was the long three-hours' climb before the good elk-ground was reached. There was, however, a convenient saeter to which we journeyed with some of the feelings of a forlorn hope. We started in company with G.,—he of the right-and-left,—who had come down the valley the previous evening bringing with him news of a fine bull having been killed by A., his brother.

The sun was high when, having departed from G., we came in sight of the saeter—a solid log-hut roofed over with turf, with long grass and flowers waving in the wind.

In due time we climbed over the hill and came out upon the high fjeld beyond it. Here Bismarck took a *luft* and led us to the fresh tracks of a cow and calf, which we saw in the body later among the trees of a neighboring right. The dog was pulled off the trail and taken close-hauled in another direction. We next entered a grove of young birches, which drew blank, but emerging from it Bismarck began to show interest and to sniff the wind that was blowing down the farther cliff. It was most curious to watch him from the instant he lost indifference and began to "show interest." As, owing to the unsteady breeze, it was impossible to locate the elk immediately, we sat down to give Bismarck time to investigate and to "think." He settled on his haunches, the thick white and gray hair on his neck bristling a little, and the muscles of his nose twitching and working. At first the airs were light, but presently followed a stronger gust, at which Bismarck rose and began to

lead away resolutely towards where the sky was darkening for storm.

Peder, of course, whispered great expectations in his broken words, and sincerely I hoped that this time they would be justified by events; though to tell the truth I was doubtful, for the hound's nose was so extraordinarily fine that he had often led us a mile to a twelve-hours' old trail, and I feared that in the present instance history might once again repeat itself. However, I was happily disappointed, for at the end of half an hour I caught a glimpse of the hindquarters of an elk, the rest of the body being screened from sight by some trees. It was impossible to tell whether it was a bull or no; but while we crept round in hopes of getting a view of the head, Bismarck broke into a whine, and in a moment the long-sought elk was "skraemt," and making off at full speed through the wood. Peder suppressed Bismarck in a definite though momentary manner with the lunch-bag, and then we commenced running to cut off the elk. Some half way up the hillside we viewed them—two,—a bull and a cow. The cow dashed on, but before the bull could follow her I took as steady an aim as I was capable of after my run, and heard the bullet strike. On the shot, as do nearly all elk-hounds, Bismarck raised a series of excited yaps.

By this time the bull had dashed into a cover of spruce-trees, but the cow had run in a circle and now reappeared: she looked at us for a moment and then also decamped up the hill, where in the shadow of the trees I obtained another shot at the bull as he melted away into the dusk of the forest. This shot was fired at a great distance, and I had no reason at the moment to think it took effect. On coming up to his tracks, however, we found signs that he had been badly struck; and, after following the trail for

some little time, I directed Peder to rest and light his pipe, in order to give the elk time to settle down. Peder was very jubilant, and very sure we should get the bull, which, he thought, carried a head of six spears.

In the course of half an hour we started again, took up the track, and, save that we were once checked by a river through which the elk had waded, we made good progress, though it was sometimes necessary to move with extreme caution, for the signs all the time showed us to be quite close to our quarry.

The elk led us in a complete circle and for a long distance, so that when dusk was falling we had returned to the hillside upon which the first shot was fired, and at the foot of which lay a lake of some size. Into this the elk had waded: we could see his huge footmarks showing through the still clear water, upon which the evening sun was shining with a passing gleam of crimson.

The elk had waded out deep into the lake, and had then begun to swim, so we lost no time in making our way to the nearest point on the farther shore where he would be likely to land, and commenced to search for his trail. But although we searched long we came upon no indication of his having landed. Even with Bismarck's help we were unsuccessful, and at dark we returned, worn out and bitterly disappointed, to the saeter. Once this haven of rest was gained, the fire was quickly lit in the big iron stove, its light shining into the darkness without, and we prepared to make our meal in a dependent silence. It is strange how persistently the sting of a lost opportunity frets the heart of a hunter: inversely, a successful or difficult shot does not elate him to anything like a corresponding extent. He is apt, and rightly, to give the credit to the modern weapon of precision. But let him miss

a shot, or, far worse, lose a beast after wounding it, then it is well to draw a veil over his next hours. He tosses *in gurgite vasto*. So it was with me while I watched the firelight gleaming on the rude walls and attempted to explain the disappearance of the elk before the tribunal of my own conscience. I confess that I made a very bad job of it, nor did Peder's comment greatly aid me when he pronounced the lost bull an evil beast. We concluded that either the animal's strength had failed in the midst of his long swim across the lake (which was possible, though highly improbable), or that he had, after entering the water, turned to the north and regained the shelter of the woods from which he had emerged.

To us, drinking our tea amid snatches of moody talk, out of the night came an angel in disguise. First a wild bearded face was pressed against the window-pane; then the door opened, and its owner entered upon our solitude. Peder introduced him in form. "Dis mann have elg ve schutt dag," which being interpreted meant that our visitor was the farmer on whose rights we had fired at the elk, and that had I killed it he would have become the pleased possessor of the resulting meat. Acutely conscious that in the eyes of Mathias my shot should have provided the winter's supply for his household, I felt that there was absolutely nothing for me to say.

But Peder, evidently far from agreeing with me, broke out into a rising tide of Norsk narrative. Meantime Mathias had been supplied with hot tea, and to the influence of its comforting effects I attributed the almost seraphic smile which, as he listened, slowly overspread his weather-wilted features. Then he in his turn began to speak, and after a time Peder translated after his own fashion, and I learned the significance of that breadth of smile. I gathered that Mathias

spoke smooth things, predicting that we should get the elk, and that he and his should yet eat the meat of it. It appeared also that he had a boat upon the lake beside which we had lost the trail. At length he took his departure, it having been arranged that he and his boat should be at my disposal a little before dawn.

Dawn found us at the rendezvous. We stood high on the side of a hill and watched the mists uncurl in the valley below us. At first the summits that stood all around were like giants wading shoulder-deep in a foggy sea, but as the sun rose golden into the sky the mist began to curl and heave, and finally to drain away into the warmth of the upper air.

We descended quickly to the lakeside, and the woods, sweet with dew and dawn, seemed still and listening as we pushed out upon the bosom of the water. In the boat I found a cast antler of great size and beauty over which I sighed, and which I suspect Mathias had placed there as a spur to my enthusiasm. Thor knows it needed none! Before long we arrived at the spot where the elk had taken to the water, when we landed, and began our search in a new direction. We had not gone far when Bismarck suddenly bounded forward on his leash. Mathias crowed in his delight, and in another instant Peder and I were hastening through the trees on the rediscovered trail.

Evidently the elk had entered the lake, and had either found himself too weak to attempt the long swim, or, as I think, simply meant to throw us off his track—and had for a time succeeded but too well in doing so.

Bismarck now raced along at a great pace. Once we shot at and "skraemt" the elk among some birch-trees about 300 yards ahead, and then for another steady two hours we ran. At the end of that time, when I had almost given

up hope that he would ever stop, as we passed through a young wood we were aware of the huge high-shouldered beast standing in the middle of a marsh with his back to us. Peder urged me to shoot at once, but the animal was in a bad position, and I was determined to take no chances. He was quite unaware of our presence, and I waited a little, hoping he might turn broadside on. But he did not move, and I began to be afraid of his again "taking the road." I aimed carefully and fired. He was about 180 yards from me, and at the shot he turned and dashed off, giving me as he did so the first clear sight of an elk's shoulder I had yet had in Norway. I knew now that he was mine, and so it proved, for as the last shot struck him he collapsed. Immediately Peder ran up, and Bismarck leaped upon the body, rolling on it and barking and tearing out tufts of hair. When we came to examine the head we found, as I had expected, that it was a poor one, though, as is often the case, the body of the elk was both large and heavy. After using the knife, Peder and I retraced our steps to the lake, and I waited on the nearer side while my hunter and his dog went off to fetch Mathias, who presently appeared with his entire family: other farmers, part-owners I suspect, also turned up. Mathias took a long look at the bull, assured himself that it was very fat, then crossed over to me and shook hands solemnly, which is the ceremonious "thank you" of Norway. He and the whole party were in high spirits, for in size and condition the elk was a most satisfactory perquisite. For the sportsman's share of any animal he kills is only the head with the headskin, with twenty kilos of elk-beef; the remainder of the carcass goes to the owner of the farm on which the elk is first sprung, whether actually killed upon it or over the boundary upon the

land of his neighbor. There is a rather shrill-voiced humanitarianism which condemns indiscriminately all sportsmen: I think if these good people could but see the joy of the Norsk farmers when an elk is killed on their ground, they might incline to a fairer judgment of the hunter and his craft.

After giving final instructions to Mathias concerning the head and horns, Peder and I resumed our quest, and I shall always look upon the later events of that afternoon as among the luckiest of my hunting experiences. About eleven we lunched upon the hillside, and afterwards commenced a long and fruitless search for elk. For five hours we walked steadily, visiting many likely haunts, and during the whole time never came upon a single track or sign.

It was already four o'clock when we found ourselves upon another part of that hill on which we had started the bull the day before. The slope was even more than usually precipitous, and covered with a dense growth of silver birch. As we had so far seen no track, and the dog had given no warning, I was just about to give the word for home (some dozen or more switch-back miles away), when Bismarck bristled in a manner suggestive of great possibilities.

The wind had now changed and was blowing up the hillside behind us, so we took a wide cast to cover our advance, lest the elk, which we were now pretty sure was not far off, should, as is the frequent habit of these animals, have lain down to windward of his own trail. It was most fortunate that we did take this precaution, for in a very few minutes Peder turned upon me a face literally white with excitement. "Bi-l-g 'bo-o-ol," he whispered with a drawl of prodigious meaning on both words. I peered over his shoulder, and there, sure enough, at a distance of not more than 200 yards below

us, I saw the heavy dark head, bulged nose, and large palmed antlers of a truly "big bool." The rest of his body was hidden by the thick green of the spruce bush, as were also, I discovered later, a cow and two calves, the companions of the bull.

I paused a moment before drawing the trigger, and could see the transient gleams of sunshine upon the white birch trunks springing from their bed of green moss, and the bronze and gold of wild raspberry leaves that shone in the duller background. All I could define to shoot at was the head and neck, and not wishing to smash the skull I chose the neck. At the shot the elk bounded to his feet and was lost to view. I heard a tremendous crashing in the forest, and caught sight of the cow and the half-grown calves swinging along in full flight. A moment's pause, and then the bull blundered from shadow to shadow. He was struck in the neck, and not knowing whence the shot had come he ran towards me, when a second bullet sent him rolling down the hillside. He was quite dead before even Peder could reach him. After eighteen blank days to secure two bull elk within seven hours! Such is not frequently the lot of the sportsman. And what a beauty this last head was! The elk stood 5ft. 10½ in. or 5ft. 11 in. at the shoulder, and the horns showed thirteen spears with a very considerable palmation; and as we stood above him, both Peder and I agreed that the empty days were at last atoned for. But the first elk had given us hours of steady chase, and we were wearily tired. I have often wondered since how we should have managed the twelve miles which lay between us and home, if having seen the "vera bool" I had failed in my shot and lost it!

On the next day I killed yet another bull, and on the following Monday morning a little line of carioles fol-

lowed each other down the steep descent from the skyd station: we bade a regretful farewell to our Norwegian friends, and swept away through the sombre forests towards the coast. The darkness of the pines was now besprinkled with golden alders shivering in the wind; the soft greens of the mosses and ferns and tall rustling plants were cold-touched to fiercer colors,—all was changed from the country as we had seen it in August.

At the moment of writing the snow lies thick on "Pedersdal," from the mountain-tops to the river-bed, and the valley has become in some sort the highroad of elk travelling through lower levels towards the warmth of the woodlands by the sea. Often from the porch of the wooden house in which we lived the hunter-farmer, who takes his name from the surrounding hills, watches the elk come down out of the forest and move along the surface of the frozen river. At sight of these the young hound barks, but not the old elk-dog who has seen many bulls come

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and go. Age has brought him wisdom,—he contents himself with a growl.

Although on the whole the Norway elk do not suffer from out-of-season killing, and year by year their numbers are, I believe and hope, steadily increasing, yet but for the game laws they could, and perhaps would, be exterminated during the time of the deep snows. For in winter the Lapps desert their summer haunts on the high fjeld and drive their reindeer herds into the valleys, and even with the restrictions that exist it can hardly be doubted that the snowstorms which periodically blot out much of the northern world cover also the traces of the Lapp poacher's shot as well as the Lappsho trail of the man whose finger touched the trigger. Here and there, upon the ground we hunted, occasional little groups of drab skin tents arise, until they also are overlaid by the all-whitening storms, and passing men on snow-shoes see flat Lapp faces, grimed with the smoke of upland fires, peering grotesquely at them from behind the trees.

Hesketh Prichard.

SNOBBERY IN ART AND LITERATURE.

The snob in Art is always with us. His petty cry of Art for Art's sake is but the latest expression of the base-born craving after professional gentility. He oscillates between the fashion-plate and the footlight versions of life, between the conventional and the bizarre. He naturally loathes the mechanical arts, oblivious of the fact that his so-called fine arts are but the offspring, often degenerate, of those unparalleled times in which the craftsman and the artist were still undistinguishable. That was the golden age before pictures had become detachable from their panels, and a Madonna with Child could be crucified on the walls of

the dining-room of a South African plutocrat. The statue, too, was still part of some big scheme of organic decoration, or at most the central figure of the temple or tomb, whose glory, while it filled the shrine or illumined the sarcophagus, never blinded the eye to the fact that it was intended not to conceal but to transfigure the work of the craftsman. It was the trophy planted on the site of yet another triumph of man over the stubborn obstinacy of brass and stone, not a forlorn mass of metal or block of marble, looking for all the world like a stranded relic of the plutonic or glacial period, that humanity has caricatured

into a likeness of itself. As for the statues of the past, which find a last refuge in some friendless museum, they recall certain rare exotics unkindly taken from their tropical surroundings to swell the crowded orchid house of some insatiable collector. The best arranged of our museums are but almshouses for decayed statuary. The worst, and they are far the more common, are mere spitals, casual wards in which the Olympians in exile sit higgledy-piggledy like slaves in a hold; or they dream, as it were, of the lordly temples from which they were torn, or gaze upon the remains of their dismembered brethren, whose scattered and mutilated limbs, ticketed and catalogued, recall all the horrors and hideousness of the anatomical peep-show. As for the statues of to-day, who can fathom their unutterable melancholy and sorrowful amazement? Born as it were out of due time and brutally pilloried among hustling crowds who have well-nigh lost every sense of beauty or harmony, amid jerry-built streets, in the midst of a pandemonium of rattling omnibuses and screeching motor-cars, they look down in their pseudo-classic garb like some bedraggled and belated masqueraders in the murky dawn of the twentieth century, surprised like some Rip van Winkle to find themselves awakening ages after the period of their proper *floruit*. But the vast majority are not even pathetic—they are merely incongruous. Perched on the pillars like St. Simon and exposed to a perpetual downfall of rain and soot, they have all the unhappy look of a man who has left his umbrella at home for ever, when they are not placed, like the Albert Memorial, beneath a sort of tawdry awning under which they are obviously catching an interminable succession of colds. The desolation of the daughter of Zion in a garden of cucumbers is nothing to their desolation. And it has all come

to pass because we have cut Phidias into two, or possibly three parts, and we call one of them a stonemason and another an architect, and a third Herr Doctor von Bildhauer, or Professor Chiselhurst. "Nothing but specialists in Art" must be the bane of Art as much as "Nothing but specialists in Science" is the bane of Science. When shall we recover the sense of the oneness of things, with its corollary that there is nothing common or unclean, but only higher and lower? When that millennium arrives it will not be the snob who cuts himself off from the community, but the community which will cut itself off from the snob.

The literary snob, if less exclusive than his artistic double, is so because he dates from further back and with time has learnt experience. He came into existence when painting was, fortunately, not sufficiently advanced to rank by itself as a fine art, and sculpture was at most thinking of a judicial separation from architecture. At all events, the divorce had not yet been pronounced. Alexandria was his cradle, and his immediate progenitors doubtless did good work in separating the Mavis Clares of the day from the sempiternal George Merediths. The besetting sin of the critic is his inordinate desire to pigeon-hole everything. Consequently, while he is admirable in classifying the small fry of literature, when he comes across a mastodon he is only able to pigeon-hole it by mere legerdemain. The first literary conjurer of this kind was the first literary snob. Thanks to his mastery of the graceful and elegant, he pretended to be able to analyze the elemental and dynamic. A man may try to explain Plato for the drawing-room; his explanation may be admirably suited to the drawing-room type of intellect, but it is not Plato. The most successful drawing-room critic is the one who looks for *quatorze heures à midi*, and succeeds

in persuading his audience that he has found it; that is to say, he leaves out the essential and manages to read in something alien of his own. He not only shifts the meridian, but manages subtly to change the values by substituting fancy for fact and virtuosity for imagination. So fully does he believe that he has mastered his trade that he imagines himself capable of providing recipes for the successful reproduction of every type of literature.

The fruits of such a conviction are to be seen in the lifeless products of those cold-blooded worshippers of the Muse, Callimachus, Apollonius Rhodius and that appalling aftermath of poetasters and criticasters that the Alexandrian culture, when transplanted to Rome, produced in the days of Pliny and Juvenal. The results of literature will always be the same, as long as critics with the soul of a Lindley Murray pretend to give formulæ for the production of *Hamlets* and *Othellos*. These pseudo-Alexandrians and their Roman imitators would have been invaluable if, instead of laying down the laws for the manufacture of epics, they had anticipated several centuries, and started a school for journalists. Their catechism of what to do and, more especially, of what not to do is a perfect mine of literary etiquette. Their antique chestnuts remind me not a little of a certain volume on Deportment, entitled "Don't," which had a great vogue about twenty years ago among the lower middle classes, and contained such directions as: "Don't pick your teeth with a fork."

So much for the first race of literary snobs, sorry caricatures of Aristarchus and Quintilian. The second dates from the rise of Vaugelas and Boileau. They rediscovered and put once more into circulation the majority of the eternal truisms of their predecessors. They issued regulations for the dress of the Muses as if they were a town

council laying down rules for bathing costumes; so many inches of lace and frills according to the "nobility" of the topic, and the periwig always *de rigueur*. They made a drastic reduction in the list of canonical writers, cut down ruthlessly the number of eligible subjects and issued a general proscription of words, a sort of literary Edict of Nantes *au rebours*, which, while intended to make for linguistic orthodoxy, robbed the language for a long time, and in some cases permanently, of some of its most vigorous elements. In a word, they succeeded in impoverishing the nascent literature of some of its best life-blood. Like mediæval leeches, having bled their patient white, they left behind them recipes for producing the most anæmic and unnatural poetry the world has ever seen. They thought to ennoble literature; they only made snobbishness part of a literary outfit. Buffon putting on his white cuffs to write his *Natural History* is an admirable instance of the flunkeyism with which they infested literature. Voltaire's judgment on Shakespeare is that of a literary snob, albeit an uneasy one, half aware of being in the presence of one of Nature's gentlemen. It needed no less than a Victor Hugo to pour new blood into French literature, and permanently to shatter the long-established forces of literary snobbery in France.

We in England have suffered less from this complaint partly because we are by nature Phillistines, and literary snobbery cannot flourish so much in a land where three-quarters of the people have not the faintest notion what literature means, and the other quarter are divided among themselves. Still, if we have never had a full-blown Sanhedrin, like the French Academy in its worst days, we have not been without a series of self-appointed high priests of literary elegance which came in with other French fashions in the age of

Pope, many of whom showed their genteel limitations. Johnson attempting to measure the pulse of Milton's verse with his poetic metronome and condemning its irregularities was an excellent instance of the eighteenth-century funkeyism. His direct descendants, Jeffreys and Brougham, acted as if they were standing counsel for the Muses, or at least as holding a watching brief in any case where the so-called poetic licenses were exceeded. It was against these sartorial and tonorial critics that Byron thundered, and Keats (destined himself to be done to death by these literary funkeys) no doubt had them in his eye when he denounced Boileau and all his works in a passage that Alfred de Musset must have seen when he wrote his celebrated tirade against the self-same "pollisson." The history of the recognition of ballad poetry, of the Lake school, of every poetical movement since has been a record of a struggle with literary snobbery. One after another the banned forms of prose and poetry have been received into the catholic fold of Literature. The word "classic" itself has received of recent times a wide expansion. Many works of Science and Philosophy have been allowed a place, though fifty years ago for one critic who would have admitted the Darwin of the potheb garden, tēn would have banned the Darwin of the "Voyage of the Beagle." No doubt, literature requires a certain standard of literary attainment, but many a book wanting neither in lucidity nor interest fails to please our professional booktasters, simply because they do not know the A B C of the ideas it professes to illus-

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trate. To a Goethe, Spinoza is a sublime model of austere eloquence; to the amateur of style he is a confused and incomprehensible reminiscence of the hateful Euclid of his youth. Descartes's "Discours sur la Méthode" is the Bible of French thought, whose massive periods form a fitting vehicle to the close-packed loads of ideas that they carry. On the other hand, the mere rhetorician, like Brunetière, sneers at the style as insipid and likens it "to pure water which has no special flavor." I wonder what the English Bible would read like to a civilized man who had never heard of it before the age of twenty. Yet we should surely rather take the verdict of those to whom its text is redolent with the myriads of explanations and applications which generations of commentators have drawn from it or pressed into it. Surely, if a writer can satisfy his critics on the general grounds of grammar and clearness, his merit must depend largely on his message. He may have an audience of a select few, like Spinoza, or one of millions, like Shakespeare. The critic has a perfect right to dispose of the pretensions of the Shallows in Literature, the Martin Tupper and Montgomerys, but he necessarily and inevitably becomes a snob when pretending to criticize ideas of which he does not understand the import or importance. He naturally fails to appreciate the fitness of the language in which they are couched, and joins himself to the elegant mob of the kid-glove critics by declaring the subject unworthy of treatment or the vocabulary vulgar.

C. B.

ANCESTRAL MEMORY:

A SUGGESTION.

There are few people who have not at times been startled by some vivid reminiscence, which has suddenly illumined their minds when visiting some entirely new locality, or while viewing some scene which they know they have never seen before. A key has been, somehow, turned; a bolt shot back somewhere within the inner temple of their consciousness; a secret flashed in upon them, a thrill of insight has possessed them, and they feel for the moment a new light has broken over them. Words of amazed recognition rush to their lips, as a full current of new thought is switched on—and they feel they want to say so much all at once, that the effort generally ends in their saying little that is coherent. For an all too brief space, the recollection is there—a concept in the mind's eye, clear and strong, then it fades away, while they desperately hang on to the skirts of the vision. When it is entirely gone, they struggle to recall it as one would recast a dream. No use—it is gone; and the more serious ones realize that there are thoughts without words, as well as songs without words; slumbering ideas; dormant pictures; genius held in bondage, which require but the magic word to call them into active operation.

At other times the vision lingers sufficiently to enable us to get hold of something fairly definite; we are on firm enough ground to say "I have seen all this before. I recognize that hill and those ruins; beyond that hill there is a village; the end of that lane will bring us to the main road," and we pass on to give further details of what the picture brings back to us.

Let me quote from my own experience. Some ten years ago I paid my

first visit to Rome. Again and again within the city there came these flashes of recognition. The Baths of Caracalla, the Appian Way, the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, the Colosseum—all seemed familiar to me. The reason appeared obvious. I was renewing my acquaintance with what I had seen in pictures and photographs. That might explain the buildings, but not the dark underground windings of the Catacombs. A few days later I was out at Tivoli. Here, again, suddenly the whole place and countryside were as familiar to me as my own parish. I found myself struggling with a torrent of words, describing what it was like in the olden days. Up to that time I had read nothing of Tivoli. I had seen no views; only a few days previous to my visit had I heard of its existence, and here I was acting as guide and historian to a party of friends who concluded that I had made a special study of the place and neighborhood; then the vision in my mind began to fade. I stopped like a man who for the time has forgotten his part, and I could say no more. It was as if a mosaic had dropped to pieces, leaving only a few remaining fragments still *in situ*, and presently these receded from my grasp.

On another occasion I was with a companion in the neighborhood of Leatherhead, where I had never been before. The country was quite new to me and to my friend. In the course of conversation he remarked: "They say there is part of an old Roman road somewhere round here, but I don't know whether it is on this side of Leatherhead or the other." At once I said "I know," and led the way with certainty in my mind that I knew where we should find it, which we did;

and there was the feeling that I had been on that road before riding, and that I had worn armor. Such incidents have caused me from time to time to pursue this subject among my friends, and quite a number of them can quote similar experiences. To the west, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from where I live, is a Roman fortress in an almost perfect state of preservation. A clergyman called upon me one day and asked me to accompany him there for an examination of the ruins. He told me he had a distinct recollection of living there, and that he held some office of a priestly nature in the days of the Roman occupation. One fact struck me as significant. He insisted on examining a ruined tower which had bodily overturned. "There used to be a socket in the top of it," he went on, "in which we used to plant a mast, and archers used to be hauled to the top in a basket protected with leather from which they picked off the leaders among the ancient Gorlestonians." We found the socket he had indicated. I urged him to publish many things he told me that day, but he shook his head. "The time is not ripe," he replied.

A lady I know, by no means of the hysterical order, told me that whenever she sees a rose she cannot keep back her tears, and on the hottest day they will cause her to shiver with cold. There is the feeling too as of impending disaster. Yet there is nothing in her life, past or present, in which roses play a prominent part, and it has been quite of the humdrum kind. I have met both men and women who immediately faint at the sight of blood. Another friend is always seized with the choking sensation of drowning when he is on the sea.

Have you ever felt on seeing a place for the first time that you have been there before? This is a favorite question of mine, and in quite 30 per cent. of the answers I get something which

bears directly on the theory of a Racial Memory. A few, from fear of ridicule or misunderstanding, prefer to pass the question, and it is not always easy to break through the English reserve, but I could give some very interesting answers. I merely quote sufficient to illustrate what species of phenomena have caused me to give attention to this subject, and to endeavor to find an explanation.

These phenomena differ altogether from those sudden flashes of memory that are conjured up, when one hears some old familiar song, some half-forgotten strain of music, or catches sight of a face in a crowd. Our attention is suddenly focussed on what has formed part of a former vision, and the other parts begin to emerge from obscurity and very quickly we recall the whole occurrence, and know it to be an actual experience of our present existence, which for the moment we have forgotten. Careful observance of such mental processes has enabled us to reduce such laws to a few general principles to be found in any ordinary manual of psychological science. We reconstruct, and the incident is there fixed as regards time and space.

But the phenomenon to which this article calls attention is a sudden sensation that some time in our life we have been somewhere—seen the whole picture, and taken part in a story connected with it. At the same time we know we cannot have been there before; we can account for every year, and for that matter every day of our present life, and it does not include Tivoli and the surrounding country.

And this strange thing—this haunting as of a pre-existence, is not exceptional; it is not new; it is not limited to poets or dreamers or to those whose minds are supersensitive. From the very dawn of history it has haunted the minds of men, given food for thought,

and shaped itself in all kinds of speculation.

In common with other forms of mysticism it had its cradle in the East, where it had its philosophers and poets. In the subtle metaphysics of the Brahmins, and in the noble morality which has its home under the shadow of Buddha, it stands out precise and clear as an ultimate fact which requires a theory, and it would appear a religion, for its due expression. It was grafted into the theology of Egypt; it laid hold of the mind of Plato, who discusses it under the term¹ *anamnesis*—reminiscence of former existence or of things once known and seen. Among the Jews the Pharisees had explained it by a doctrine that the virtuous have power to revive and live again (Josephus, *Antiq.*, XVIII.). In the New Testament John the Baptist is regarded by some as the Re-incarnation of Elijah, and the disciples of the Christ on one occasion asked whether a certain man born blind was suffering for the sin of his parents or for some sin of his own. Under the forms of Transmigration, Metempsychosis, Re-incarnation, such phenomena were discussed among the early Church Fathers, some of whom decidedly believed that pre-existence was the explanation of such phenomena as I have mentioned. Schopenhauer, Lessing, Hegel, Leibnitz, Herder, and Fichte have dealt with it. Of English thinkers the Cambridge Platonists regarded a previous existence as the only answer to the questions which such incidents raise, and in this shape it has become familiar to us through Shelley; and Wordsworth says:

¹ *ἀνάμνησις*. Aristotle (*De Memoria et Reminiscencia*) distinguishes between memory *μνήμη*, the passive faculty of retention, and reminiscence (*ἀνάμνησις*) the power of active research or recall. Modern writers class them as spontaneous or automatic memory, and voluntary memory or the power of recollection.

Hamilton confines the name memory to the retentive or conservative faculty of the mind, whilst under the reproductive capacity he includes both reproduction and recognition.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar.

Not in entire forgetfulness

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.

In every line of research we are bound, sooner or later, to stumble upon an ultimate fact, for which no reason is assigned at all, if we keep clear of religion and revelation. Here is an ultimate fact, the basis of which is memory, and it is in memory, rather than in any new theory of things, that we have to look for the solution. In the doctrine of Re-incarnation it seems to me we have wandered away from the subject, and then approached with a specially devised net to capture the main facts, rather than allowing them to speak for themselves. I ask, is there not such a thing as ancestral memory? That a child should present certain features of his father and mother, and reproduce certain well-known gestures and mannerisms of his grandfather, is looked upon as something very ordinary. Is it not possible that the child may inherit something of his ancestor's memory? That these flashes of reminiscence are the sudden awakening, the calling into action of something we have in our blood; the discs, the records of an ancestor's past life, which require but the essential adjustment and conditions to give up their secrets? If so, then we have in ancestral memory a natural answer to many of life's puzzles, without seeking the aid of Eastern theology.

Whether we believe in apparitions or not, this world is a haunted one. Our thought-world is full of deep undertones that roll in upon us from the past. As we lay our ear to the din of the present, we find its accompani-

ment to be the immeasurable murmur of the ages, as the voice of many waters. The commonplace expressions, the ordinary words we use, are blocks of mind-stuff, wrought into their present state by the ponderous mace of time, and cast and recast in many brains.

And the mind of man is a haunted one. Far-away generations of ancestors have cut deep the channels of our memories until what was once a volition is now an involuntary movement. We say a man has formed certain habits, but how often they have been formed for him in the dim past.

As I walk along a dark lonely road, my ears are on the alert, I glance to right and left, I look over my shoulder. Where did I learn this habit? May it not be the memory-disc giving off its record? My savage ancestor learned by long years of experience to be specially on his guard in a lonely place, and in the dark. When my indignation is thoroughly roused, I find my hands clench, there is a tightening of the lips, the teeth are more plainly visible, and the whole attitude is suggestive of making a spring. Here is a trait of early man, who gathered himself together, and sprang upon his enemy to rend with tooth and claw. I have often noticed that when people use the word "offensive" it is accompanied by a quiver of the nostrils and an involuntary movement of the nose. The imagination is still haunted by that piece of very offensive carrion which my primitive ancestor, with a prejudice for raw meat, found too strong for him, so strong that his nose rejected it at once. People, when describing a horrid sight, often shut their eyes momentarily and firmly, or shake their heads as if to drive away, or in an effort not to see, something disagreeable.

I put my face [says Darwin] close to the thick glass plate in front of a puff-adder in the Zoological Gardens, with the

firm determination of not starting back if the snake struck at me; but as soon as the blow was struck, my resolution went for nothing, and I jumped a yard or two backward with astonishing rapidity. My will and reason were powerless against the imagination of a danger which had never been experienced.

The inheritance of habitual postures is so important for us that I gladly avail myself of Mr. F. Galton's permission to give in his own words this remarkable case:

The following account of a habit occurring in individuals of three consecutive generations is of peculiar interest, because it occurs only during sleep and therefore cannot be due to imitation, but must be altogether natural. The particulars are perfectly trustworthy, for I have fully inquired into them and speak from abundant and independent evidence.

A gentleman of considerable position was found by his wife to have the curious trick, when he lay fast asleep on his back in bed, of raising his right arm slowly in front of his face up to his forehead and then dropping it with a jerk, so that the wrist fell heavily on the bridge of his nose. The trick did not occur every night, but occasionally, and was independent of any ascertained cause. Sometimes it was repeated incessantly for an hour or more. The gentleman's nose was prominent and its bridge often became sore from the blows which it received. At one time an awkward sore was produced that was long in healing, on account of the recurrence of the blows.

Many years after his death his son married a lady who had never heard of the family incident. She, however, observed the same peculiarity in her husband, and one of his children has inherited the same trick.

In the course of the ordinary day we shall have made, if we pause to consider, thousands of movements; have gone through various processes, and without a mistake, because of what we call habit. I am washed and dressed,

and I am almost unconscious of the process of either. I cannot say that I actually willed myself to wash and dress, and it is because each brain cell has so learned its lesson that it can repeat it without consulting us. Some subdivision of machinery has been created within the conscious self, which performs its work automatically, and enters so far into our nature as to become hereditary. In the same way we may become so accustomed to a certain place and locality that the impress of it may be handed on and become part of our descendants' heritage.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, dealing with the same problem, says: "All at once a conviction flashes through us that we have been in the same precise circumstances as at the present instant once or twice before."

On more than one occasion in my ministrations as a clergyman, I have heard a man on his death-bed say: "I feel somehow that all this has happened before in my life. I know it hasn't, but I keep on trying to remember what it is." Deep in the recesses of memory lies buried some impression of which the present is a reproduction.

We dream of things which we have never experienced in our waking moments. I remember a very realistic dream. It was a battle, and I was in a regiment of cavalry that received an order to charge. The whole scene is vividly before me as I write, and, were I an artist, I could sketch the face of a man who rode by my side. I can feel the throb of eagerness, the thudding of the horses' hoofs in the mad rush, as we quickened our pace, to get to closer quarters with those we were pursuing. Suddenly the squadron of men in front opened, wheeling off to the right and left, and we were looking into the iron throats of a masked battery. They opened fire upon us—a moment after the ear-splitting thunder,

and I was in a hell of smoke, dust, blood, and metal; every piece seemed to sing a war chant of its own. Then I awoke, and I was shouting "God! I never knew it was anything like this." Here surely is something experienced by an ancestor which has descended from generation to generation, and taken its place in my collection of impressions.

I think very often our dreams are a jumble of ideas—often an incoherent jumble, but still ideas that we have inherited, and that dreaming is largely a kind of free play of what I have called ancestral memory.

While the dream lasts, it is very real to us. We start on a journey, we fall among thieves, we tumble over a precipice, we are thrown out of a conveyance, we experience all the fright and inconvenience of such incidents. What is the explanation? Here I submit the dreamer, with his will for the moment in abeyance, becomes the instrument on which the mental impressions handed on to us begin to play. That they are images of adventures in the life story of some forbear brought into relation with us through the avenues of a *sub-consciousness* which has always held the records of such deeds. That while the ordinary objects of life and the outer world are perceived through the senses—co-ordinated under the conditions of normal consciousness—there are ancient soul or race memories; and the feelings and visions which they recall belong to an inherited order of consciousness, which is less individual, less local than the ordinary one. Ecstasy, and all that the term implies, spiritual vision—inspired utterance—second sight, would then indicate the passing out from the ordinary consciousness into the racial or spiritual, with its various powers, of which I emphasize ancestral or race memory.

Have we not got here, too, a theory which explains a large class of apparitions?

tions, the evidence for which it is easier to ignore than explain, and so we prefer to shrug our shoulders and pass them by? Take the common form of ghost story. A sees the ghost of one B, whom he subsequently identifies, say from the family gallery of portraits, to be an ancestor. Some member of his house, I should say back in the centuries, did actually witness such a scene, did see B come in as A saw, only the original witness saw B in the flesh at such a moment, under such conditions, that a great impression was made upon him, and this impression was handed on to a later scion of his house to be preserved in this racial consciousness.

The theory of an ancestral memory, I maintain, is a reasonable proposition, and as a working hypothesis will be found useful in the solution of many puzzles that confront us daily. If the memory cells of our ancestors were the collected photographed impressions of their experiences, and these cells in the process of photographing were subjected to some subtle change in physical structure, then that these negatives of impressions should be handed on to

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posterity is not difficult to understand and accept. That these negatives may be broken, blurred, indistinct, obliterated, is to be expected; but at the same time some of them may be passed on intact, possessing the potentialities to which I have called attention.

The great discoveries of this new century will, I venture to think, be made in the direction I have indicated, and if the result of this paper is to stimulate fresh thought on a strange problem in which we are all compelled to be interested now and again in our lives I shall be more than satisfied. There is a wealth of material lying ready to hand, if only we could get people to throw aside some of their reserve, and compare notes. In that vast region of mystery which surrounds us, the data connected with this subject offer more than the usual amount of encouragement, and to push back the circumference of that which encloses us as far as we can, I take to be the duty of the scientist; and the desire to do so, a factor in the cosmic scheme for getting the best out of us; for every mystery is a great possibility.

Forbes Phillips.

EXIT THE COUNTRY PARSON.

The country parson is as distinctively English as the English gentleman; the very name by which we know him is peculiar to our language, for whereas other nations call their clergy by names which are variations on the word "father" or bear special reference to spiritual duties and ministration, we in England speak of our clergy colloquially by a name whose associations are with the emoluments of office rather than with the office itself. The authorities agree in telling us that the word "parson" is nothing more than

person; they differ as to whether the word was used generally of anybody holding a dignified position before it became restricted to ordained holders of benefices or was from the beginning confined to the beneficed clergy. Whichever view is correct, we must acknowledge that the fact about the clergy which impressed Englishmen and received recognition in colloquial language was not the fact that they held spiritualities, but that they held temporalities. Nor is the word a post-Reformation word, such as might have

been used originally with some tinge of contempt by earnest reformers; we have it already in Chaucer, whose "poore person of a toun" illustrates the best qualities of the country parson.

The parson occupies a large space in English literature, from which we may infer that he has also occupied a large space in English social life; and the parson of literature is emphatically the country parson. We see him at his best in the pages of George Eliot; and on the whole he is a lovable character. Who would not like to associate with Mr. Cadwallader or Mr. Gascoigne, or Mr. Fairbrother or Mr. Irwine? Even Mr. Casaubon wins our respect for his punctilious attention to his parochial duties, though he was poor company. Not that there has not been another side to the picture; Fielding gave us Parson Trulliber as well as Parson Adams; and against Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield we may set Thackeray's Bute Crawley, a most outrageous specimen of the type of sporting parson. And here, by the way, we may ask whether there is any other nation in which that particular type is possible?

Where the English country parson differs from the rural clergy of other countries is in his social position. He belongs by birth or education, or both, to the country aristocracy, and his profession is one of the four which were considered, even in more exclusive days, open to the sons of gentlemen. A hundred years ago the lot of the country parson lay in pleasant places; the appreciation of land made clerical incomes good even without the accumulation of pluralities. What charming houses and gardens they occupied! Whatever delights the country can lend to life, they enjoyed. Social consideration, too, was theirs: they sat on the Bench as magistrates, and otherwise took their full share in the administration of local government. On the whole, the secular side of them was

more prominent than the priestly; not that devout men were not to be found among them, or that they generally neglected the ministrations imposed upon them by their office. It is true that they were poor preachers, sharing in the national contempt for elocution; but on the whole their services were conducted decently and in order. They were strongest in their parochial work outside the church. The parsonage was the refuge of the distressed, the employment agency for young men and women, the place where alleviation was sought for in cases of sickness and suffering and usually found. It might perhaps be said that the parson did no more for his parish than might be done by any other benevolent and well-to-do resident; but the latter would not have had the same opportunity. The parson was there to do these things; even parishioners who resented his interference would have resented his neglect no less.

The attractions which the profession presented for the country gentry and the upper middle classes apart from pecuniary emoluments were social; for the country parson held power, and even if he did not share in the administration of his county, he was more or less of an autocrat in his own parish. Above all things the school was his particular province, not infrequently built and even endowed in consequence of his exertions; it was the medium through which his authority was impressed upon the parish.

Let us now take the contrary side of the picture. In the first place, the incomes of country parsons have fallen off even more largely than those of their neighbors the squires, for the Tithe Commutation Act fixed the tithe by the price of wheat, and not by that of agricultural produce in general. The large rectories have become a burden upon the livings. Thus, from the financial side the profession is no longer at-

tractive to the landed gentry, and the earnest young men who are sometimes born in squires' houses think rather of London slums and the back streets of manufacturing towns as the field of their ministrations than of the country parishes. Again, the country parson is shorn of his power; he is no longer an autocrat, but has to submit to election in parish councils, rural councils, county councils, and in such assemblies is apt to encounter some little prejudice directed against him because of what he has been but is no longer. And last of all, and hardest of all, he loses the exclusive direction of the schools; for whether Mr. Birrell's Bill becomes law or no, the pressure in favor of removing the schools from the control of the country clergy is too strong to be resisted. The rival profession will have its own way in the end.

The rival profession! That is in the nature of things. So long as the schoolmaster was for all practical purposes appointed by the parson, and removable by him, the school was subordinate to the Church and was a department of the parochial organization in the parson's hands. Realize the ambitions of the National Union of Teachers supported by the hierophants of Nonconformity, make the schoolmaster a civil servant appointed by the education committee of a county council, shake off the grip of the parson, and in each parish we have no longer a subordinate, but a rival power. Whose business will it be now to organize school treats and holidays? To see that children attend school properly fed, washed and clothed? Who will organize cricket clubs and football teams? Who, in a word, will be the centre of the adolescent life of the village? Clearly the young, eager schoolmaster. Sometimes he will work in alliance with the parson, sometimes he will leave to him activities which he thinks supereroga-

tory; but whenever the right, or rather the wrong, kind of men are brought together, the village will be a battlefield on which rivals will contend for social supremacy. This is no fancy picture; the thing has already happened in more than one rural parish. Moreover the schoolmaster holds the stronger hand. He is sufficiently educated, and has a sufficient professional pride, to be ambitious of power; he is not sufficiently educated to know his own limitations; if he is a King's scholar, he believes himself already to be learned, as far as any man can be learned profitably; what he does not know is idle learning, something to which a superstitious and futile respect has been paid in the days of darkness, but which will shrivel back to its own proper insignificance in the scorching rays of the new era of enlightenment. He will be in touch with all that class of village revolutionaries who believe themselves to be the victims of arbitrary social distinctions, and have escaped notice hitherto because they have not had, what the schoolmaster will give them, a voice. The very weight of the dead hands of the Board of Education and the County Council choking his energy, checking his inventiveness, depriving him of all spontaneity, all healthy vigourousness in the exercise of his proper profession, will drive the active-minded and enterprising schoolmaster to seek an outlet for the forces that are in him through political and social activity outside his school. He will take part in the local administration; he will sit on boards and councils; supreme glory of all, he will follow the example of Messrs. Macnamara and Gray and Yoxall, he will become a member of Parliament!

Meanwhile what is to become of our old friend the country parson? What is he to do with himself? He will be no longer rich enough to practise open-

handed, possibly unwise, benevolence; he will have to fight for the authority which used to be his almost as a law of Nature; the sports and pastimes of the country will be beyond his means; the country gentry with whom he foregathered in bygone days are being displaced by men to whom an estate in the country is a source of recreation, a country house an assertion of success, and an evidence of financial superiority, but not a centre of duties. The parson may visit the sick, he may give courage and comfort to the dying, but except in times of distress he will be a stranger and an interloper. The services of the Church will still be his, but if he urges more frequent church attendance upon the young and thoughtless, he will find himself faced by that other power, the civil servant who has the control of the young through the school.

The country parson, in fact, is going; he is being succeeded by men of a different type, with a different sense of their duties and responsibilities. In old days the country parson troubled himself very little about apostolical succession; he did not ask himself why and wherefore he was a parson; he knew that he had been ordained by his Bishop and appointed by his patron, that he had to maintain a certain character, perform certain definite duties; he felt that he belonged to the order of things established, as much as the rivers and the hills around his parish. True there were dissenters, a troublesome and noisy folk, something of the character of poachers; but, though they might thin the parson's flock, they did not weaken his sense of security.

Now by an instinctive, unconscious
The Outlook.

reaction the Church of England, having lost its political supremacy, has fallen back upon its theology. If the country parson of the last century was nearer to a squire than a priest, the Anglican clergyman of to-day is more often a priest than a country parson; and by being a priest he loses his hold upon the conservative instincts which might have supported him in rural districts. The claims of a priesthood, as a priesthood, do not appeal to the inhabitants of the country; to them the restoration of ornate services is an innovation, not a restoration; and though they have lost much of their anti-papistical bias and Lord George Gordon himself would find it difficult to raise a no-papery riot in a country village, though Bloody Mary is forgotten, none the less the sensuous and æsthetic form of service is repugnant to the sober countryman. For when the parson wore a black gown in the pulpit, preached black damnation, and rode to hounds, when the pitch-pipe gave the keynote of the hymn to which the clerk read out the verses, the countryman was more in touch with the Church than he is now when the whole service is sung by a cassocked choir, and the parson preaches in a white surplice of sacred mysteries not so intelligible to the congregation as were the horrors of hell.

The country parson is on the wing. Perhaps at some future time his place in literature may be taken by the country schoolmaster; for after all Englishmen are Englishmen, and what does not conform to their sturdy irrational character has to go. Meanwhile, exit that wholly illogical but characteristically English personality, the country parson.

SLEEP.

It is astonishing that we should know so little about the mysterious state in which nearly one-third of our life is passed. Even the few writers who have concerned themselves with the subject of sleep have confined their attention almost altogether to its physiological phenomena. Having told us that the brain needs rest and sustenance, that in sleep all the vital processes are retarded, that the first sleep is deepest; having described the premonitory symptoms of yawning, the drooping of eyelids and head, and the relaxation of all the limbs (with which we are pretty familiar); and having acquainted us with other uninteresting facts of the same order, these persons seem to think they have told us all we are entitled to know. The question what is sleep, or why it is necessary that the soul should be unconscious for six or eight hours out of every twenty-four, does not appear to occur to them, possibly because these are questions that cannot be answered.

And yet, admitting that the most abstract thought is accompanied by the waste of nervous elements, and that the brain, with other organs of the body, is subject to exhaustion and needs repletion, it does not follow as a matter of course that consciousness must be suspended and the whole activity of life cease for so considerable a proportion of time. The action of the lungs goes constantly on. The heart, which does more work than any other muscle of the body, rests profoundly between each two beats; and refreshed by these brief cat-naps, it requires no other rest from the moment when it begins to beat until its pulsations cease for ever. The common idea, therefore, that the substitution of new elements for those used up necessarily

requires long and frequently recurring periods of repose does not seem to afford a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon of sleep. If the mere repair of our bodily organs were the sole purpose of sleep, we might well suppose that Nature would have found a way to this end less costly than by the sacrifice of nearly one-third of our lives. Further, we may remark that if the restoration of brain and nervous substance were the sole purpose of sleep, it would follow that more intellectual persons, especially the great brain-workers, in whom the destruction of nervous substance is most rapid and continuous, would require the most sleep in order that their losses might be repaired. On the contrary, it is well known that it is the illiterate, the peasant, the man who hardly thinks at all, who sleeps most, and who can always sleep, while, as a rule, those whose brains are most active require and enjoy the least amount of sleep. To this rule there are exceptions, among whom were Montaigne, who relates that he was a great sleeper, and spent a large part of his life in bed; Descartes, who wrote, "I sleep ten hours every night"; and Immanuel Kant, who found it so difficult to get up in the morning that he ordered his servant to take him out of bed whether he complained or not. Perhaps the most conspicuous example of prodigious expenditure of intellectual energy on a minimum of sleep is that of the first Napoleon, who is said to have slept not more than four or five hours a day for years at a time. Napoleon, however, abused his marvellous organism. Only half of his brain seems to have been awake at the battle of Waterloo, and he made up for his former insomnia by sleeping inordinately at St. Helena.

We need not, then, ascribe the necessity of sleep to the crippling and incapacity of exhausted organs which in their normal capacity are the organs of consciousness. The healthier a man and his organs, the more easily sleep is induced, the longer, deeper, and more refreshing his sleep is apt to be. Nor does such a man a few moments before going to sleep exhibit any such crippling in diminution of energy as to make sleep for this reason necessary. On the other hand, when the faculties are really crippled, when in sickness and mental exhaustion sleep is most needed, it often fails, and when it comes it is apt to be troubled. Neither can we ascribe sleep to the mere rotation of the earth on its axis and the alternations of day and night. Although darkness, by cutting off the stream of sensations carried to the brain, helps to induce sleep, yet many animals habitually sleep by day and walk or hunt by night, and innumerable human beings who are compelled by the circumstances of their occupations to imitate the nocturnal habits of animals learn to sleep in the day without the least prejudice to their health.

Remembering such facts as these, we may believe that the *soul's unconsciousness* in sleep is necessary to our well-being. Our soul came out of unconsciousness, and to that great world of silence and darkness, where God alone thinks for all, it must often return. In sleep, in which our vegetative life alone goes on, the Great Architect, the Great Physician, works undisturbed by the frettings and interference of human consciousness. Accordingly in sleep all healing, all beneficent crises take place. "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well." The embryo, which has its whole body to build, sleeps constantly. The child, whose body is still imperfect, sleeps most of his time. The old person who is nearing the state when sleep will no longer be necessary usually

sleeps least. In this sense sleep may be said to be the original condition of man. In sleep God relieves us of the heaviest burden and the most precious He has entrusted to us, the burden of self-consciousness. In sleep God takes back the lamp of consciousness, not to extinguish it, but to replenish it with oil. Therefore sleep is not a mere pause in our mental life: it is a preparation for a new life. Sleep and waking are related as the trough of a wave is related to the crest of a wave. The lower we descend into unconsciousness, the higher we rise into consciousness. The deeper the sleep the more perfect the waking, and the more perfect the waking the deeper the sleep. Let us thank God, then, for these sweet depths of oblivion into which we may plunge and forget all. Only God is righteous enough to be eternally awake. Sleepless Himself, He giveth others sleep. Is there a greater instance of the goodness of God? For us no more terrible punishment could be devised than that we should be confronted for ever with an unsleeping conscience. When for a little while we are robbed of that merciful draught of forgetfulness, how quickly we exhaust ourselves, how sadly we explore every corner of the house of the soul, ransacking present, past, and future for some bright object on which our poor heart may rest. How the plant of life withers at the root! What a destroying flame licks up the fairest landscape, leaving only the charred and blackened ruin of our home:—

But I with infinite weariness outworn,
Haggard with endless nights un-
blessed by sleep,
Ravaged by thoughts unutterably for-
lorn,
Plunged in despair unfathomably
deep,
Went cold and pale and trembling with
affright
Into the desert vastitude of night,

What, then, is sleep? There is nothing we should like to know so much. We have consulted the learned, but we have not learned. They tell us of reduced respiration and increased activity of the skin, of anæmia of the brain, and an accumulation of carbonic acid. Sleep, they say, is not the twin brother of death, for in death all the vital exchanges cease, whereas in sleep they are only retarded. Very interesting! But it is not what we want to know. What is that world in which we spend nearly one-third of our lives? Through what gate does that happy soul pass when, released from all its burdens, it enters a paradise all its own, whither no human being can accompany it, where the beggar is king, and for which the king begs in vain? Whence arise the bright images that come to us in our dreams? What miracle clothes the dead with flesh, and lends them for a few brief moments to our society, to our embrace? What insane weaver takes up the broken and tangled thoughts of our waking hours and weaves them into that strange tapestry, the fabric of a dream? Whence come those unexplained terrors, those unreasonable fears so wonderfully described by Job? "In thoughts from visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up." Whence those dark transformations of character that cause us in our sleep cheerfully and without the least remorse to commit actions we shudder to think of when we are awake? Can it be that in returning to this forgotten past of mankind, this abyss of listening silence, haunted by

all the spirits of the old world, the old soul, sternly repressed by consciousness, comes to life and shudders once more before the unknown terrors of the universe, and feels again all the wild and savage joys of the animal man going forth on the old errands of violence? Is it this soul, the old epic singer, that tells us the wonderful stories of our dreams? We do not know, but certain it is that all ancient nations with much reason have associated sleep with divinity. Perhaps no better account of this phenomenon has ever been given than that of the poet-philosopher of the Upanishads when he wrote: "What is this soul, this Brahman? He is the highest person who wakes while we sleep, shaping one lovely sight after another. That, indeed, is Bright, that is Brahman, that one alone is called Immortal." And again:—"The King said to Yagnavalkya: 'O Yagnavalkya, what is the light of man?' And Yagnavalkya said: 'The self alone is his light, for having the self alone as his light, man sits, goes about, does his work, and returns.' The King said: 'Who is this self?' And Yagnavalkya replied: 'He who is in the heart surrounded by the senses, the person of light, consisting of knowledge. He who remains the same, wandering along two worlds, sleeping and waking as if thinking, as if moving. During sleep he transcends the world and all the powers of death. In sleep guarding with his breath the lower nest, that immortal one goes where he likes, the golden person, the lonely bird. Going up and down in his dream the god makes wonderful shapes for himself, either joyous, laughing with women, enjoying himself with his friends, or seeing terrible sights.'"

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

After lengthy negotiations the Keats House at Rome is likely to become the property of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association. Support has been privately secured, but more is needed. The actual purchase of the house will cost over \$20,000. It is hoped to make the building the centre of a representative collection of relics of the poet.

Lovers of Trollope will note with interest the fact that the publication of "Barchester Towers" in Everyman's Library is attended with an intimation by the publishers that it may be followed by other of Trollope's stories until it is possible to possess a complete edition of the author in this delightful form. Trollope was so voluminous a writer that the acquisition of his works in the only editions now available, in which two or three volumes are taken up with a single story, is a serious matter. But if the books should be issued in this format, with each story complete in a single volume at a moderate price, there would be an eager demand for the series.

As to the current supply and demand for poetry The Academy remarks:

If there is a "slump" in poetry—which, having regard to the number and the quality of the books of verses that reach us, we are quite unable to believe—the fault lies not with critics or publishers' readers, but with the public, which never did and never will read poetry. If only it would! At no period of our history, save perhaps the middle years of the eighteenth century, has the leaven of poetry been more urgently needed than it is now. Book after book of very good verse is published: so far from buying or reading them, the public will not even read the very greatest of acknowledged masters. But we question whether the sale, in reality, much affects the pro-

duction of poetry. The poet who looks to make a living of his work is introducing an element into his alm which has no right to be there.

An anonymous writer in the Scottish Review writes a slashing article on "The Decline of Mr. S. R. Crockett" and remarks that, although he trod a sure literary path with a firm step while he dwelt among the Galloway hills, the freshness and spontaneity of his earlier years seem now to have vanished. Of Mr. Crockett's latest book "Kid M'Ghie," the critic says:

The plot is forced, the writing is forced, the humor is forced. Mr. Crockett has ransacked the Newgate Calendar for episodes, and the whole thing seems to be designed for the syndicates that purvey wildly sensational serials at cheap rate for the weekly newspapers. Mr. Crockett has been pot-bolling with a vengeance . . . He has evidently labored hard, almost frantically, at his task; but he has given us little to be set by the side of his earlier and healthier work. Only one character in the whole book seems clothed with flesh and blood . . . the rest is leather and prunella of a sadly inferior quality.

The ninth volume in the "First Folio" edition of Shakespeare, published by T. Y. Crowell & Co. is "Twelfth Night or What You Will." Like the others in the series, it is fully furnished with notes, literary illustrations, a glossary, variorum readings, bits of selected criticism, etc. The editors, Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, have done their work with painstaking thoroughness and discrimination; but the distinctive quality of the edition, as suggested in its designation, is that it reproduces the First Folio text of 1623, with the original spelling and punctuation, untouched by the guesses and emendations of generations of editors. To the ordinary reader therefore it

brings what hitherto has been accessible only to the favored few, the plays as Shakespeare wrote them. The dainty typography of the De Vinne Press gives the books a setting worthy of their unique intrinsic value.

The nineteenth and twentieth volumes of the reprints of *Early Western Travels*, of which Dr. Reuben Thwaites is the editor and the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland the publishers, are mainly devoted to Josiah Gregg's "*Commerce of the Prairies*" originally published in 1844: though this is preceded by two briefer narratives, that of George W. Ogden, contained in his "*Letters from the West*" describing his journeyings in Ohio, Missouri and Kentucky in 1823-5, and William Bullock's "*Sketch of a Journey Through the Western States*," made in 1827. Dr. Josiah Gregg's work is by far the most important as it is the longest of the three. It recounts a series of journeys, made partly for health and partly for the pleasure of exploration during the fourth decade of the last century, mostly along the famous Santa Fé Trail,—which the people of Kansas are about to mark with posts before it has become wholly effaced by the progress of civilization. Dr. Gregg added to an adventurous taste the faculty of keen observation and an admirably direct literary style. The account of his adventures attracted wide attention when it was first published, and it has not lost its charm with the passage of years. It may almost be regarded as a classic of the period in which it was written.

Mr. William B. Weeden's "*War Government Federal and State*" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a fresh and curiously interesting study of the relations of the national and state governments as they were affected by the Civil War. While that great struggle was in progress, highly important questions relating to the interplay of the two forms of government were being worked out. Less attention was given to them at the time than they deserved, for interest was concentrated upon the great contest for the preservation of the Union. But it was highly desirable that some one should go over the records of the period, and study with some care and pains the cooperations and conflicts, the disputes and agreements which arose between the authorities at Washington and the executives of the Northern states. Mr. Weeden is well fitted for the task, for he was an acute observer of these conditions as they developed, and has reflected long upon the results which were reached. He has wisely taken as typical states Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Indiana, whose great "war governors" held continuous service throughout the period, and New York where conflicting conditions assumed the most critical form. But his study is a general one, and it constitutes a new and extremely interesting chapter of the national history. Mr. Weeden states his conclusions with force and pungency: and if the reader is not inclined to accept them all, he will recognize their sincerity and the broad grounds of experience and observation on which they are based.